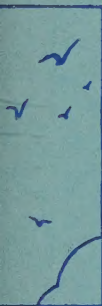


Clear Horizons

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

CONTENTS

	Page
The Church in a Warring World.....	Harry E. Fosdick 1
Foundations of the Peace.....	Henry A. Wallace 7
A Creed for Americans	Stephen V. Benet 11
The Choice Before Us.....	E. Stanley Jones 13
Thy Kingdom Come (verse).....	Rachel Olson 15
A Soldier's Armor.....	Glenn Clark 17
V's and P's.....	Roger Babson 25
I Believe!.....	Kirby Page 27
I Have Slipped the Surly Bonds of Earth (verse).....	Magee 28
Jesus and Prayer.....	George A. Buttrick 29
Four Tests of Guidance.....	Hannah W. Smith 35
Guidance.....	Hugh Redmond 39
Strain and Stress.....	Dr. James Read 43
Happiness in the Simple Life.....	Fritz Kreisler 45
The Franciscans and the Quakers.....	Rufus Jones 47
Come Unto Me (verse).....	Beverley Githens 50
An Experience in Guidance in the Life of St. Francis.....	51
Consider the Lilies (verse).....	Anita B. McCall 52
The Well-Spring of Peace.....	Starr Daily 53
The Action of God's Love.....	J. Raymond Chittick 56
A Scotchman's Experiences.....	Alexander Irvine 57
A Cell of Your Own.....	Allan A. Hunter 59
Why Should Mortals Wonder? (A department of answered prayer).....	63



Clear Horizons

VOL. 2, NO. 4

APRIL, 1942

The special emphasis in this number of CLEAR HORIZONS is on the much discussed and frequently puzzling subject of GUIDANCE. From an old copy of *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*, by Hannah Smith, of the Society of Friends, we have chosen one of the most illuminating chapters on this theme that has ever been written. Treasures like this are too often lost and forgotten at a time when the world needs them the most. Other articles on guidance round out that theme in a way which we trust will bring our readers inspiration and help their needs.

But with the United States joining into the War, we cannot but stress with almost equal emphasis the need of thinking and praying and planning for permanent and lasting peace. So the article by Dr. Fosdick, and the one by the Hon. Henry Wallace, and others, form a second vital collection.

We are continuing our department of Answered Prayer, which we call WHY SHOULD MORTALS WONDER? And we shall not omit references to prayer groups, which is one of our major interests, especially at this time when the world so sorely needs prayer.

CLEAR HORIZONS

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

GLENN CLARK, *Editor*

HELEN WENTWORTH, *Managing Editor*

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APRIL, 1942

Clear Horizons

An Adventure in Solving Problems in a Heavenly Way

Second Year

Volume 2, No. 4

☐ The church needs to keep alive the qualities that make for a constructive peace.

The Church of Christ in a Warring World

Harry Emerson Fosdick

WE are at war. And now this situation walks up to all of us as individuals and as groups, in our businesses, schools, professions, churches, saying, What is your special function, what is the part you ought to play in this tremendous and long-drawn-out emergency?

To no group does that question come with more pressure and poignancy than to the Christian church, for as everyone recognizes, war, in its causes, processes, and results, is the very antithesis of the spirit of Jesus. Nevertheless, our nation is at war, not as a matter of choice but of fact, and this situation confronts us, saying, You, the churches of Christ, hating war, as you ought to, finding in it, as you should, the denial

of everything Christ stands for, what positively are you going to do for your generation now? What is your special function in this needy time?

Certainly, we should all agree that the church of Christ must have a special function. Schools have, hospitals have, all organizations have. The Master Himself described the special function of His followers in a remarkable simile: leaven. The Kingdom of God's righteousness and peace, he said, works like "leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till it was all leavened." That simile should help us to see what a true church of Christ in a very difficult time can positively do.

For one thing, the simile im-

From a radio address of the same name delivered December 14, 1941 and repeated December 21, 1941, a presentation of the National Broadcasting Co.

mediately suggests that the church shall not separate itself from its people and nation. Leaven worked, not by getting out of the meal and standing off, but by staying in, vitally participant in the unleavened mass with which it deals. There is a text in the New Testament which says, "Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate. . . . And touch no unclean thing," and to many a situation it is plainly applicable. There are doubtless those today, whose consciences we will respect, who hating war as the essence of all villainy, as we do too, will try thus to take a purely negative and individualistic attitude, as though they could stand quite aloof from the world's situation, unsullied by the needs, problems, and tragedies of this violent time. To most of us, however, the Master's figure of the leaven will seem more Christian. God helping us, we will not reduce ourselves to the condition of the unleavened meal; we will keep a differential and distinctive quality; if grace be given us, the living ferment of the Master's spirit—the very opposite of war—that yet may leaven this evil world to decency, brotherhood and peace, shall be kept vital and potent in our lives and churches; but we will not separate ourselves from our people. Their troubles are our troubles; their sins, alas, have been our sins too; their peril is

ours. No good leaven ever jumped out of the pot because it did not like the unleavened meal; it stayed in the pot and remained leaven. Here, then, are the churches of Christ in America, part and parcel of the common problem and the common need, facing today a challenge that we may not evade: What is our special function in this troubled time?

The first and simplest part of the answer is to say, Keep on doing the most important things you have been doing, only do them better. In days like these, the spiritual needs of people are more acute, not less, men's souls turn not less hungrily but more toward any source of faith and courage. Even Archibald MacLeish, who is no mystic, said recently, "The issues before the American people today depend more on their souls than on their weapons." The churches, therefore, may well set themselves to minister to the spiritual life of their communities as they have never done before.

One of the common dangers of a time like this is that it makes ordinary tasks seem unimportant. A letter recently came from a friend of mine, a young woman just appointed to go with the Red Cross to Iceland. Was she thrilled! Such calls to service have obvious pertinence to the issues of our time, but with the whole world

convulsed and monstrous events hourly announced on the air, of what importance is our small daily and familiar round? So a shoe-maker might feel, or a teacher in the schools. But, friends, the destiny of the future is in those boys and girls. Go back to that school-room, one would say, and teach those youths as you have never taught before.

So far as the churches are concerned, the convictions for which at their best they stand, and the way of life they represent, are not unimportant in this world crisis. At any rate, the totalitarian states do not seem to think so. Every way they have curbed the church, repressed it, imprisoned its priests and ministers, circumscribed its work, or utterly destroyed it. There is something in the church of Christ they do not like. It stands for something they do not stand for, the sacredness of human personality. It believes something they do not believe, the purpose of the living God for all mankind. It is something that they are not, an international fellowship out of every tongue, tribe, people and nation.

This past year has been difficult, alike for pulpit and pew, in our American churches. Our Christian people have been divided as the general population has been on questions of public policy. But now, willy-nilly plunged into this

war, all of us alike face as Christians a common challenge to stand together on at least one platform: a positive, constructive, creative determination that, despite war's accumulated bitterness, all this agony shall not be wasted as it was the last time, but shall issue in a world so organized for co-operation instead of war, that our children shall have a decent chance at life, liberty, and happiness. And if we Christians are to center on that, believe in that, give ourselves to that, it is going to take all the faith, wisdom, and courage we can find. We need the sustenance of the church's fellowship.

As for us personally, these days ahead will be an endurance test. We need interior resources of stability if we ever did. Especially we need renewed convictions about God, His eternal purpose, and the ultimate triumph of His will, if we are to see life through. Some of us, who had forgotten how much we need such faith, feel it now. In days like these the great faiths of the gospel that give direction to life, that guide, orient, and reassure, become not less but more significant. Let the Christian churches, therefore, minister as never before to the spiritual life of this people!

There is, however, a second function of the church in days like these — service — practical service to people in need. War is the most

costly enterprise that man indulges in. It hurts people, as no other large-scale operation on earth does. Its cruel effects are not only outward and visible in its collective homicide, but subtle, permeating, devastating, in the homes of plain folks and the penury of the poor. We who are not in the armed forces nonetheless face the appalling need that war creates and the demand for service.

We speak continually and rightly about the contradiction between the spirit of war and the spirit of Christ. We all feel that. The great Oxford conference, representing the universal church around the world, could not get together on all statements about war, but they got together on this: "War involves compulsory enmity, diabolical outrage against human personality, and a wanton distortion of the truth. War is a particular demonstration of the power of sin in this world, and a defiance of the righteousness of God, as revealed in Christ Jesus and Him crucified. No justification of war must be allowed to conceal or minimize this fact." All Christians should join in saying that. We will not bless war, or call it holy, for it never is; it is obviously unholy, anti-Christian, atrocious; but at one special point war is a challenge to the Christian conscience now—it does call for and call out amazing self-sacrifice.

Think of all the youths today facing the disruption of their plans, the cancellation of prized ambitions, and the surrender of domestic hopes. Think of the human anguish and need involved in all this compulsory and voluntary sacrifice! See, my friends, the Christian churches of America cannot face this scene without an enlargement of their program of service to the people. I hear some folk lamenting the probability that the taxes next spring will cramp their style of living. Of course they will. That is the least of our responsibility. We have no business to cling to needless luxuries now, even if we can. People are suffering on a scale hitherto unknown in history, and even here at home the foundations of our democracy are involved in our care for people, especially for the lowliest and the least. From the churches of America can pour a flood of personal helpfulness, reaching individuals that no one else can reach.

Clearly, however, the Christian churches, if they are to be vital leaven in this generation, have still another responsibility, namely, to help keep alive now, even amid the passions of war, those attitudes and qualities of spirit that will make a just and constructive peace possible. Even when the obsessions of war are the most powerful, as more and more they will be, we should never for-

get that war by itself cannot solve any of the real problems because of which wars are fought. Lincoln said: "Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you." That is the ultimate tragedy of war, that when we are through we face the same old fundamental problems that we started fighting about—problems that can be really solved only by intelligent goodwill.

Everyone today is talking about national unity; but what ought to concern the Christian Church especially is that, part and parcel of this national unity of spirit should be the determination that this vast expenditure of life and treasure, this travail and anguish of the whole world, should not end fruitless, but in some advance of world organization that will give to men of good-will a standing-ground and working implement for enduring cooperation and peace.

Only, if we are to have such hope, now is the time to begin! Not simply thinking through plans, but keeping, amid the strong emotions of war, that quality of spirit, that capacity for reflective intelligence and goodwill, that calm, unembittered in-

sistence upon taking the long view, that will make such an outcome possible. That is not going to be easy, and it is the special function of the Christian Church to help us do it.

For example, one of the worst things about this war with Japan is that racial prejudice will get all mixed up with it. We can see that starting now. For no one do I feel more sympathy today than for our own Japanese church members in America, Christians like ourselves, suffering now anguish of spirit, hating this conflict, wanting the same kind of world we all want. This war is going to be bad enough; don't mix up racial prejudice with it, or else, when the war is over we will have no spiritual basis on which to build any kind of world that will offer hope to our children.

Or again, war is a time of pride. It is almost a psychological necessity in wartime, in order to sustain the conflict, to think ourselves all right and our enemies all wrong. But that does not mean that we have been all right. We, the democracies, had our chance, and muffed it. Remember Pascal's words, long ago: "Because men do not fortify justice, they justify force." That applies to all the nations together, ourselves included. Humility and penitence become us all, and if coming into the Christian church and kneeling before

the altar of the Crucified, whom the world is crucifying afresh, we are not reminded of that, then the church has failed of its function. Unless we, the peoples of the world, go into the peace conference, when it comes, with a spirit of common penitence for the colossal disaster in whose ultimate causes we have all shared, there will be little hope.

Again, war is a natural time for cynicism. The longer war goes on, with its angry, embittered passions growing, the more men will be tempted to skepticism about any world-wide human family such as Jesus dreamed.

Ah, church of Christ, during these dangerous days be about your special business! Good-will against vindictive prejudice and passion; humility and penitence against self-complacent pride; faith, hope, and courage for the future against cynicism that makes men accept hell on earth when they might have the Kingdom of God. The need of battleships and air-planes is not more real than the need of such qualities now, if our

children are to have a world worth living in.

Finally, there is the ancient function of the church that today gains special meaning, namely, keeping clear in man's vision and faith the eternal things amid the tempests of the temporal. Alas for a man who in these times, when the immediate is so noisy and ob-
sessive, has no vision that still can see the abiding stars that were here before the storm arose and will be here afterward!

In sober, realistic earnest, there are such eternal things in man's experience, and they are the spiritual. When time has sifted the wheat from the chaff, it is the worlds of violence that perish and the achievements of the spirit that endure.

Fellow Christians of the Churches, more depends on what we are and do in this emergency than on many an outward battle. We ought to be the spiritual leaven in this nation. God help us to be more worthy of that indispensable ministry!

We are to be like salt, like a city, like light. In a hot eastern land salt is craved by men and beasts: it keeps food wholesome and preserves from rotting.

A city stands on a hill surrounded by walls that men may be protected at night and guarded from robbers and harmful foes.

Light is the symbol of knowledge which no man may keep to himself.

To be pure and loyal, to guard and protect the weak, to guide in darkness and lead the ignorant, these tasks are required of the followers of Christ.

—H. Winifred Sturge.

☞ The whole future of civilization depends upon America's ability to take the broad view.

Foundations of the Peace

Henry A. Wallace

THINKING of the future peace is not searching for an escape from the stern realities of the present. Planning for the future peace must of necessity be a part of our all-out war program. We are now aware after our experience of the last twenty-five years, that the modern world must be recognized for what it is—an economic unit—and that wise arrangements must be made so that trade will be encouraged. The foundations of democracy can be rendered safe only when people everywhere have an opportunity to work and buy and sell with a reasonable assurance that they will be able to enjoy the fruits of their work.

Actually, the seeds of the present world upheaval were sown in the faulty economic decisions that followed the war of a generation ago. The vast sums of reparations imposed on Germany, however justified they may have been on moral grounds, were an indigestible lump in Europe's financial stomach. The war debts owed to the United States by the Allies were equally a handicap to trade. All over the world, the old inter-

national gold standard had been broken down, and nothing effective was done to replace or restore it. Europe was left cut up into many small national units, and each of these units was left free to erect tariff and trade barriers as it pleased. Many nations, including our own, tried to buy as little as possible from the rest of the world and to sell as much as possible.

The dislocations brought by that first World War and by the unwise management of the peace were especially hard on the raw-material producers of the world. Prices of raw materials are extremely sensitive to changes in demand and supply. Therefore, various groups of raw-material producers, including the farmers, found themselves in serious trouble when their supplies were greater than demand.

For ten years after the first World War, the deadly economic malady afflicting the world was covered up by the billions in private loans floated by foreign borrowers in the United States. These loans were usually floated at high rates of interest and used for pur-

From the article by the same name in *The Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1942.

poses which, for the most part, did not increase the borrowing countries' ability to pay either the interest or the principal. Thus they produced a temporary, though basically unsound, prosperity. When the stream of loans suddenly dried up, the flimsiness of this prosperity of gaudy tinsel was revealed, and the whole thing came crashing down.

In very truth this nation, during those early post-war years, was sowing the wind by its policies of isolation, high tariffs, unwise foreign loans, and high-pressure sales abroad. It could not avoid reaping the whirlwind.

But the really serious aspect of the matter is that the whole future not only of this country but of human civilization itself may depend on the ability and willingness of the American people to take the broad view, to realize that it is part of the world.

Preliminary studies of some of the expected post-war problems already are being made by the Economic Defense Board and the Cabinet departments whose chiefs are members of that board. Now, what must be considered in establishing "sound, peacetime international economic relationships"? There are certain basic facts that cannot be ignored. One of these is the universal necessity of access to raw materials and the need for an economic arrangement to pro-

tect the raw-material producers of the world from such violent fluctuation in income as took place after World War I. Another is the indispensability of markets for goods produced. A third is the present existence in all countries of tariffs and other barriers to imports. A fourth is the use of gold as a base for national currencies and as a means of settling international trade balances. A fifth is the place of credit in stimulating international trade. A sixth is the close relationship between stable national currencies and the exchange of goods and services. A seventh, and the most important of all, is the essential role of adequate purchasing power within the various countries that are trading with each other. All these are of prime importance in determining the state of the world's health, and they will naturally form some of the main ingredients of post-war economic planning, if it is to be done on a comprehensive scale.

Basic to any sensible ordering of the world's economic life is the stabilizing of the production and prices of raw materials. During the 20's and 30's, when the raw-material producers were in such frequent trouble, various methods were developed to help them adjust themselves to the painful realities of diminishing demand.

Ways must be found by which the potential abundance of the

world can be translated into real wealth and a higher standard of living. Certain minimum standards of food, clothing, and shelter ought to be established, and arrangements ought to be made to guarantee that no one should fall below those standards.

In this country we have already made a start in this direction. Through the food-stamp plan, the cotton-stamp plan, the school-lunch plan, the low-cost milk program, and the homemade mattress program, the abundance of the farms is being put to use instead of being allowed to waste. Similar programs are in effect in greater or less degree in a number of South American countries, notably Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, and Chile. In England, the government is subsidizing consumption of certain foods so as to make sure that the population is as well nourished as possible during the time of stress, and to keep the price as near as possible to the pre-war level. Among the kinds of food subsidized are flour, bread, meat, tea, oatmeal, milk, and orange juice.

Is it not time to recognize that minimum standards of nutrition are as important for growing children as minimum standards of education? Is it not just as important that children should have sound and healthy bodies as that they should have trained minds?

If we can afford \$100 a year to educate a child, can't we afford \$15 or \$20 a year to keep that child physically fit for study?

If there is a general recognition of this principle, then vast new markets for the world's production can be opened up. In terms of the residual balance, the cost of such a program may be less than the financial loss coming from demoralized raw material markets, needy producers, and hungry consumers.

The fourth point of the eight points agreed upon by Roosevelt and Churchill in the Atlantic Charter mentioned the enjoying by all the states, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access on equal terms to the raw materials of the world. To give this lofty ideal a more definite substance should be one of our chief objectives in the months that lie immediately ahead.

When the curse of the Nazi mailed fist is at last removed from the stricken countries overseas, the first and most pressing need will be action to bring food to the starving and the undernourished. For this purpose the accumulated surplus stocks of wheat and the increased production of other foods for which farmers are now pushing will be enormously helpful. Besides food, the devastated regions will have urgent need of other materials and equipment to

assist in their reconstruction. Homes, factories, office buildings, schools, churches, highways, railroads, bridges, have been destroyed in large numbers. In the tremendous job of rebuilding which must be undertaken, the United States and the other countries of the Western Hemisphere can play a vital part. Meanwhile, both strategy and humanity will be served if we take every opportunity to let the people of the occupied countries know that we intend to stand behind them in their efforts to get back on their feet. That will give them something to which to cling during their months or years of misery and will speed the day of a Nazi collapse and the emancipation of the world.

The democratic countries are in splendid position to organize themselves for rapid relief work as soon as peace comes. I am confident that we can do this job and do it well. But we must be looking ahead to the longer future and laying plans on more than just a temporary basis.

We in the democracies must be-

gin to realize that if we can afford tremendous sums of money to win the war, we can afford to invest whatever amount it takes to win the peace. Both England and the United States could be making contracts with producers of raw materials throughout the world for delivery of their goods during the war and for several years beyond the armistice at reasonable prices and not at inflated prices. That would sharply reduce the cost of winning the war and give more assurance than any other single action that business is not going to collapse after the fighting is over.

Probably the English-speaking peoples of the world will have to take the lead in underwriting world prosperity for a generation to come. They must begin now to prove by their actions that they are as interested in winning the peace as they are in winning the war. The overthrow of Hitler is only half the battle; we must build a world in which our human and material resources are used to the utmost if we are to win a complete victory.

Unless we win the peace it is not worth while to win the war.
We cannot injure others without injuring ourselves.

—A. Maude Royden

¶ This great writer gives us a creed we can all subscribe to.

A Creed for Americans

Stephen Vincent Benet

WE believe in the dignity of man and the worth and value of every living soul, no matter in what body housed, no matter whether born in comfort or born in poverty, no matter to what stock he belongs, what creed he professes, what job he holds.

We believe that every man should have a free and equal chance to develop his own best ability under a free system of government, where the people themselves choose those who are to rule them and where no one man can set himself up as a tyrant or oppress the many for the benefit of the few.

We believe that free speech, free assembly, free elections, free practice of religion, are the cornerstones of such a government. We believe that the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights of the United States of America offer the best and most workable framework yet devised for such a government.

We believe in justice and law. We do not believe in curing an evil by substituting for it another

and opposite evil. We are unalterably opposed to class hatred, race hatred, religious hatred, however manifested, by whomever instilled.

We believe that political freedom implies and acknowledges economic responsibility. We do not believe that any state is an admirable state that lets its people go hungry when they might be fed, ragged when they might be clothed, sick when they might be well, workless when they might work. We believe that it is the duty of all of us, the whole people, working through our democratic system, to see that such conditions are remedied, whenever and wherever they exist in our country.

We believe that political freedom implies and acknowledges personal responsibility. We believe that we have a great and priceless heritage as a nation—not only a heritage of material resources but of liberties, dreams, ideals, ways of going forward. We believe it is our business, our right and our inescapable duty to maintain and expand that heritage. We believe that such a heritage cannot be maintained by the lacklustre, the selfish, the bitterly partisan or the

Written for the Council for Democracy.

amiably doubtful. We believe that it is something bigger than party, bigger than our own small ambitions. We believe it is worth the sacrifice of ease, the long toil of years, the expense of our heart's blood.

We know that our democratic system is not perfect. We know that it permits injustices and wrongs. But with our whole hearts we believe in its continuous power of self remedy. That power is not a theory—it has been proven. Through the years, democracy has given more people freedom, less persecution and a higher standard of living than any other system we know. Under it, evils have been abolished, injustices remedied, old wounds healed, not by terror and revolution but by the slow evolution of consent in the minds of all the people. While we maintain democracy, we maintain the greatest

power a people can possess—the power of gradual, efficient and lawful change.

Most of all, we believe in democracy itself—in its past, its present and its future—in democracy as a political system to live by—in democracy as the great hope in the minds of the free. We believe it so deeply rooted in the earth of this country that neither assault from without or dissension from within can ever wipe it entirely from that earth. But, because it was established for us by the free-minded and the daring, it is our duty now, in danger as in security, to uphold and sustain it with all that we have and are. We believe that its future shall and must be even greater than its past. And to the future—as to the past of our forbears and the present of our hard-won-freedom—we pledge all we have to give.

Again, as I saw it then and as I have told myself many times since, we are in this world in preparation for another adventure in a wider and more useful sphere. I believe in the survival of the soul; that character is the ultimate outcome of mortal experience, that our present world is but a spiritual kindergarten for the Higher School ahead; that death is only the next frontier of the Great Mystery. Because of these beliefs, at moments when I otherwise might have given way to depression there surged up within me this rallying cry: Courage! Life is but the stuff to try the soul on!

—Edwin Markham.

A suggestion for an Easter Gift. The March, 1941 number of CLEAR HORIZONS was built about the theme, Immortality. There are a limited number of copies still available, at 25c. Order from: The Macalester Park Publishing Co., St. Paul, Minn.

¶ Shall we choose Communism, Nazism, or Christianity?

The Choice Before Us

E. Stanley Jones

THERE have been two great modern attempts to bring unity back into life—the one by Nazism and Fascism and the other by Communism. Nazism and Fascism frankly abandon the attempt to gain unity on the basis of universal wholeness, taking in all men of all races in a human unity. Instead they attempt to unify life on the basis of a smaller unit—the unit of blood and soil in Nazism, or the unit of a nation in Fascism. They attempt to put authority and unity into life by concentrating upon the racial or the national unit, in large measure rejecting the rest of humanity as unworthy of consideration, or to be looked upon with hostility.

Communism, on the other hand, is an attempt at unity on a larger scale—universal, in fact. It is attempting to bring unity into life by recognition of what is to it a universal principle—the economic interpretation of history, basing life upon the economic, with a more just and equitable distribution of goods through the putting of the means of production into

the hands of society for the benefit of all who labor. This is to be done through a class war which will in the end bring all classes to one class, namely, the class of the workers, and hence a brotherhood of all who contribute through labor. This brotherhood runs across all national boundaries and unifies all life on this basis. It has one enemy, namely, the non-contributor, the exploiter; and when he is eliminated then the whole system is essentially pacifist. War is no more and men are comrades and brothers.

The third attempt at unity was launched by the Carpenter of Nazareth on the basis that God is our Father, therefore all men are brothers, the world is a human family and the family spirit which is the spirit of cooperation must be universalized.

To the interpretation of what unity, as visualized by the Master, is, and to the facing of the question of whether it is big enough in every sense to meet the world demand laid upon it, we must now turn. But as we do so we do it with the sense that the

From *The Choice Before Us*, by E. Stanley Jones. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, 1937. \$1.50.

world is desperately sick, sick nigh unto death, that this is no moment for attempts at being interesting or novel, but a moment to give a believed-in prescription for a patient that may die if we Christians bungle at this hour.

A Bishop in giving what he considered a devastating criticism of one of my books said, "Stanley Jones seems to be obsessed with the idea of a Kingdom of Heaven on earth." When I read this my heart inwardly leaped and I said: "Would God that I were! It would be a magnificent obsession!" If I must be obsessed with something, if something must grip me, command me, and have my central loyalty, then I do choose that this obsession shall be that something, and I shall tell you why.

First of all, Jesus was obsessed with it. It is safe to catch his obsessions. He was never wrong, never misled by a subordinate issue, never once entangled in the marginal and irrelevant, and He made this Kingdom central. It was that around which everything else revolved. Try to imagine His teaching now in a world of this kind without the Kingdom of God as its center. The religion of Christ would utterly flounder. It would have no special order to put under this toppling order. It would be a way of personal de-

liverance only and as such would be entirely inadequate.

The Kingdom of God is the family idea operative in human affairs. Life in the family is co-operative. If the family were based on the selfish competitive principle, as the economic and social order now is, it would not last a month. Suppose the elder son of a family, stronger and more clever, would come to each meal and grab all the food he could from the weaker members of the family and pile it around his plate regardless of the needs of himself and others, would the rest of the family congratulate him, saying, "You are a successful man"? Hardly. The family spirit would be outraged by this antisocial act and attitude. That spirit would break up every family in the land in twenty-four hours. And yet we expect our economic and social order to hold together with the spirit of selfish tension at its center. No wonder it is breaking down through its own tensions and contradictions. No order can stand such a strain. It is like putting sand in the eye to make it function better. The Kingdom of God would project the family spirit straight out into the economic and organized life on the basis of the cooperative spirit of the family. It is the most sensible and ultimate conception ever offered to the

mind of man, and it is bound to be accepted if humanity is to get out of its muddle. "One is the Father, and all ye are brethren." The Kingdom, then, is the family idea operative in the sum total of human affairs. The family has stood the shock of the centuries because it is founded on an ultimate idea.

Jesus died. But in dying He did what the dramatist makes the centurion say to Mary: "Woman, I tell you that this dead son of yours, rejected, spit upon, cruci-

fied, has built this day a Kingdom that shall never end. Something has happened on this hill top this day that will shake the Kingdoms founded on blood and fear to the dust. The meek, the terrible meek, are about to enter into their inheritance. The earth is theirs."

It is. The Kingdom represents a higher Idea-fact, and though that Idea-fact be tortured and though it be crucified and buried, it will rise again, and come to its own. For life will not work without it.

"Thy Kingdom Come"

Rachel Olson

If guns and bombs and planes will win the war,
And bring the enemy at last unto his knees;
Then love, forgiveness, and a humble heart
Must govern those who dictate terms of peace.

It is more vital that Christ's way of life
Increase ten thousandfold in hearts of men,
Than that production of destructiveness
Be stepped up as a means to bring the end.

How dare we pray for God to let us win,
Until enough of us love Him and pray
To bring His Kingdom into being here?
If not, then Hitler's is as good a way.

We Must Win the Peace

A college president and a college student express themselves.

WE must win the peace. I am hoping that many students will enroll in courses designed to help them understand the issues that the winning of the wars will present and that the making of peace will prepare for settlement. Isolation in a world that is knit together by science, by communications, by economic trade, is no longer a sensible policy. We must find the way to build a world based on justice, recognizing all great human rights of the individual man, and organized for the fair and full distribution of all the goods that a world social order can produce. We students in the colleges will not make the peace, but we may help to create a public opinion that will accept a peace that meets the tests of Christian idealism and will accept no other.

—*Pres. Chas. Turck,*
Macalester College, St.
Paul, Minn.

Why couldn't there be established, by governmental action and control, as free as humanly possible of party or political influence, a school to prepare expert leaders in all phases of postwar reconstruction? Have entrance by a type of civil service exam to obtain the best. Open study in all fields of economics, political science, history, sociology, philosophy, and include all ages, historical epochs, pre and post war periods of the past. Single out errors, the achievements; total them, and build for a "civilized" future.

We are locked in a war of survival of the fittest. We don't want to have to face it again. One force or the other must be destroyed. Then, the entire world must be rebuilt to last.

—*Fred Lindquist,*
Macalester College.

From *The Mac Weekly*, Jan. 15, 1942

Search thine own heart;
What paineth thee in others, in thyself may be;
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;
Be thou the true man thou dost seek.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

¶ An Armor every man in camp and every member of his family at home should put on.

A Soldier's Armor

Glenn Clark

IN the ancient days before a Knight went forth to war, his squire or his mother or his sweetheart helped strap his armor on him, armor that would protect him against the spears and arrows of the enemy. Today there is no armor made that is completely impervious to the shrapnel, machine gun bullets, torpedoes, and poison gas that human ingenuity has devised. Only Luck, Fate, or Providence can determine where the bombs will fall or where the torpedoes will strike. We are dealing with more subtle means of attack than the Knights of old ever had to face.

But where there are more subtle, unseen ways of attack, there are also more subtle and invisible ways of defense to meet that attack, if we could only find them. Where a need arises either Nature or Human Nature or Providence or all three usually devise a way to meet that need. Since both Nature and Human Nature have failed us at this point, let us turn to Providence. And Providence will not fail us. We shall find the Armor that we need is described in the

sixth chapter of Ephesians; the Fortress we seek, in the ninety-first Psalm; and the Strength that we need, in all the teachings of Jesus.

Paul is the great analyst. He who analyzes Love in the first letter to the Corinthians now analyzes the Armor of God in his letter to the Ephesians. So, like the busy squire, let him strap the armor of the Lord upon you.

"Finally, be strong in the Lord, and in the strength of His might. Put on the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places. Wherefore take up the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

First of all take careful note that Paul does not counsel us to be strong in our own might, but in the power of the might of God. This is a power greater than any

From *A Soldier's Armor* by Glenn Clark, Macalester Park Publishing Co., 1942. 15 cents.

of us can muster, it is a power out and beyond any power that we mortals can conceive of.

Second, note that He does not promise this amazing security if we put on *part* of the armor. The promise holds only if we put on *all* of it. Legends tell how the mother of Achilles dipped him when a babe into a river that possessed the virtue of making anyone invulnerable who was so dipped. But, mother-like, she could not *completely* let go, and that portion of his body—the heel—to which she clung, gave entrée to the arrow which later caused his death.

Third, this armor not only protects one against outer dangers, but especially against the dangers from within. "Principalities" are the outer forces of evil, the enemies that take their rise in the mental and materialistic realm. Against these "rulers of darkness" in this world the armor of God will prove its worth. "Powers" are the inner, psychic, and spiritual and emotional encroachments upon us, our fears, hates, despondencies, despairs and sins; against this "spiritual wickedness in high places" the protection of the armor of God is greatest of all.

"Stand therefore, having girded your loins with truth." Where the leg-bones fit into the sockets of the sacrum is the crucial center of balance for the entire body.

When the alignment of the body is true at this point, the whole body moves with the power and grace with which only the perfectly balanced athlete can move. Two of the greatest boxers of all time—men who won and held the world's championship against combatants much bigger and stronger and fiercer than they—were James J. Corbett and Gene Tunney, two men who excelled all others in their capacity to keep their bodies always in balance. All other boxers after each lunge would be off balance and exposed to a counter blow from the adversary. These two alone were able to follow one blow after another with lightning rapidity. It was the "one-two-one-two" sent from balanced bodies that surprised and conquered their opponents.

The first law of perfect protection, then, is to keep in balance. To be girded with Truth means to keep in alignment with the great central, basic Truths of God. The base, the foundation, of the full armor of God is to "have your loins girt about with *Truth*."

Next "put on the breastplate of righteousness." Having established one's stance in perfect balance as the first essential, whether it be in golf, tennis, boxing, football, or the great Game of Life itself, the second essential is to have a free, relaxed swing of the body in perfect rhythm and coordination

at the point between the breast and shoulder blades—the point from which all power comes. At this point every move must be made *right*. Anchored and balanced at the hips in the power of *Truth*, pivoting the chest with rhythmic motion derived from the power of *righteousness*, one is protected against failure of any kind.

Let all your acts, whether you are working in the line of duty, or finding recreation in the line of play, be in harmony with the laws of righteousness. I admit that here standards may often differ, depending upon the environment in which we grew up. I had a college chum who was very religious and also a remarkable baseball player. After graduation he found work on a western ranch. On Sundays he acted as Superintendent of the local Sunday School. The cowboys, needing a catcher on their baseball team, begged him to join them. As the games always came on Sundays he refused. Finally he consented to play Sunday afternoons if the team would come to Sunday School in the morning. This was certainly a new kind of rhythm for them but they agreed. Great and permanent good came from it. I am inclined to call this an act of balanced righteousness.

"And having shod your feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace." The best protection one can ever carry is peace in one's

soul. Disease germs find no lodgment in a body vibrating in harmony with a mind at peace. A hundred physicians doing research work in New York hospitals investigated the relationship between emotional states and accident cases, and were amazed to find that the majority of their victims had "drawn their accidents to them" by the turmoil in their own minds. If peace of mind wards off accidents, as well as disease germs, why could it not ward off bullets as well?

I have found in twenty years of constant practice of prayer, that when a "peace that passeth understanding" follows prayer, it is a sure sign that the prayer is answered. But a peace that passeth understanding cannot be conjured up at will. It is an act of grace, a visitation from heaven. All that we can do about it is to prepare the way for it to come to us, as best we can. So Paul tells us to put upon our feet the sandals "for the *preparation* of the good tidings of peace." Merely put our footsteps upon the *path leading to Peace* and in time we shall get there.

"Above all taking up the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one." Above everything else faith is the great protective power. Trust is something which no manner of evil can hurt, for it is just

like the air; when the sword cleaves it, it gathers together again; when one would destroy it, he finds it cannot be touched. Trust cannot be exhausted, for the more it is used the stronger it grows. No impurities or weaknesses can find a lodgment in Trust any more than darkness can find a foothold in light. When light enters a room, darkness runs out of the door. When trust fills a man, evils flee from his being.

A young woman doing social work in the London East End started home through the lonely dark streets one night, against the urgings of her friends. To their entreaties she replied that she knew her Loving Father would protect her. She started forth in faith and peace. The next morning a criminal character who had been arrested during the night told how he had seen this girl coming down the street, and he hid in the doorway, intending to rob her, but as she approached, something that he could not explain held him fast where he was, and permitted her to go by in peace.

So we see how Trust or Faith, when it finally blends with the Peace that passeth all understanding, makes one as impervious to danger as if he were in a citadel. Established upon Truth and Honesty, with the breastplate of Righteousness, wherein all our acts are

guided by our highest conception of what is right and good for all, with the shield of Faith upon our left arm and the sandals of Peace upon our feet, we are well nigh invulnerable.

Knowing that this armor is not guaranteed unless we place the *whole* of it upon ourselves we wonder whether we have a right to ask for this Peace. To meet just this sort of doubt which troubles us, Paul has left the best protection of all till the last. "And take the *helmet of Salvation.*" Now *Salvation* is something that comes not from earth but from heaven. Paul here seems to be telling us that if we do our *best* to put on Truth, and Righteousness and Peace and Faith, then Christ will come more than halfway and give us just the protection that we need. Turn in faith to Him, ask Him to guard over our every thought, by day when we are too busy to be on our guard, at night when we are too sound asleep to keep the vigil, and marvelous will be the protection that will come to us. By the act of fitting our little skull into the helmet of Christ we are actually fitting our little mind into the great Mind of Christ. Then letting that Mind be in us that was also in Christ Jesus, we shall find that Truth girds us like a mantle, Righteousness fits us like a robe, the sandals of Peace enable us to run like a strong man

who rejoices to run a race, and the shield of Faith quenches all the fiery darts of the evil one.

Now that we are clad in the armor of God, let us step into His Fortress to make safety doubly secure. We shall find that Fortress in the ninety-first Psalm.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High"—not *fairly* high, not even *very* high, but the *Most High*. There is nothing above and beyond this Dwelling Place. Evil, danger, destruction and death all have very weak wings, none of them can soar this high. Only Love, Trust, and Peace can carry one there. Naturally, this is a secret place. Very few ever find it, chiefly because very few ever seek it. And having found it, one of the most essential ways to keep it is to keep it secret. To talk about sacred things, to diffuse a great spiritual experience in idle chatter, is the quickest way to lose that experience both for ourselves and for those that we wish it to reach. That which we experience in the secret place of the Most High cannot be talked about too often through the lips, but it always can be radiated through the heart. It can pour out through our eyes, through our acts, through our love, through our prayers.

This citadel lifts us so high that nothing now can touch us. Here

we "shall abide under the Shadow of the Almighty." The Shadow is merely the extended, projected influence of God Himself. As God is Love, so when we are immersed within and without with unselfish love that human love comes nearest being an extension of the Love of God Himself.

"I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in Him will I trust. Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler and from the noisome pestilence."

Snares and poisons were used to catch and destroy eagles in ages past. The children of God are equipped to rise above the evils of this world as do the eagles. These evils which seem to be outside of us possess roots that are within our own souls. The world, not only of nature but of human nature, is so interrelated that what we vibrate to within ourselves we also vibrate to within others. If we hate others we draw their hate to us and also the missiles of that hate. If we love others we draw their love and with it we draw the protection of that love also to ourselves. The most common dangers to high souls are the trap or obsession of the mind, and the pestilence or poisoned emotions of the heart. The thought which our ancestors carried in their hearts, that every Indian was a devil incarnate, was more responsible for

the thousands of whites who were massacred than all the hate which the Indians themselves may have possessed. The Quakers suffered no harm. Their minds were not held in this trap, neither were their hearts poisoned with the pestilence of hate.

"He shall cover thee with His feathers and under His wings shalt thou trust," gives us the realization of the Lord brooding over and above us, a vast and wondrous security beyond our power to think or even conceive. This leads us to the next statement, "His truth shall be thy shield and buckler." In Paul's statement we are girded with Truth, our own highest conception of Truth as expressed in honesty, integrity, and understanding. But this is *God's* Truth descending upon us like a great protective covering, a shield and a buckler that shields us from the spiritual wickedness in high places. When our conception of Truth meets God's Truth, danger and evil of all kinds, which are based upon the negative forces of selfishness and falsehood, are cast aside like chaff before a summer wind.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day; for the pestilence that walketh in darkness nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

In war there are four dangers.

Fear itself is the greatest. More soldiers returned from the last war suffering from mental and nervous shock, with neuroses and psychoses derived from "the terror by night," than those who suffered from physical disability. "The arrow that flieth by day" represents for us all the modern instruments of death, from machine gun fire to exploding bombs. "The pestilence that walketh in darkness" represents the epidemics that usually destroy twice as many following the war as the war itself destroys. "The destruction that wasteth at noonday" includes the great loss of life which follows in the wake of great wars from starvation, malnutrition, exhaustion, disease, despondency, and so on.

Against all these evils this Armor of God and this High Fortress will protect you without fail.

"A thousand shall fall at thy (left) side, and ten thousands at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee." Can one imagine a more sweeping statement than that!

There may be reactions for that which is evil but if you cast out the evil it cannot touch you. You may see it with your eyes afar off, but it will not touch you. "Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked."

You will never feel the suffering in your mind or body. But seeing others' danger, after

you have experienced this inner security that comes from God, you will be filled with a great passion to save those who are shutting themselves out from these wonderful blessings, and your prayers will be that you can share this experience with them.

Now comes the most powerful statement in this entire psalm. Memorize it, hold fast to it whenever danger crowds upon you or upon your loved ones. "Because thou hast made the Lord, even the Most High thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." *Know* that God will keep His promises. He will keep His end of the bargain if you keep yours. Pray, therefore, not for safety, for that is assured, but pray that you can keep your end of the bargain—and dwell in the Secret Place of the Most High.

"For He will give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Here our Fortress ceases to be a static fortress, and becomes a moving Fortress, a living, moving shield and fortress, surrounded and protected on all sides by a throng of protecting angels. Modern science has created a miracle of a moving fortress in the modern battle tank. But long before the ingenuity of man had devised ways by which our modern fortresses could move, the

Lord had perfected for all who believed in Him a means by which His spiritual Fortress could protect us when we move about on the Lord's business. Not only will it protect us and keep us when we are in high places, but it will bear us up when we descend to the low places where evil abounds. From the complete and perfect protection on high, that comes to one who rises in thought above the petty dangers of this world, we have descended, strong and mighty, to destroy those evils for others. The Cycle is completed.

"Because he has set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him." Here the Lord Himself tells us how we can rise to the secret place of the Most High. By setting our love upon God, or our highest conception of God, we are lifted into His presence, where automatically we are delivered from all evil. But how can one love someone he has not seen? "Who hath seen me hath seen the Father," Jesus said. Try loving Jesus or your highest conception of Jesus. Try practicing His presence here and now. Get Frank Laubach's little booklet, "The Game with the Minutes," and try practicing living by His side every day for a week. Just see what happens to you. Think of Him as walking beside you, standing beside you when you talk with friends, sitting beside you at the

table, putting His hand upon your brow when sick, and watching over you all night when you sleep. Pretty soon you will know Him. He will call you by your name, and you will speak to Him by His name.

"I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him, with long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation."

To love God, to know Him, is just like stepping into an elevator in time of danger. The elevator of God's love will lift you immediately out of danger. Not only will

you be lifted out of danger, but the time will come when He will *answer* you when you call upon Him, and talk to you when you talk to Him. The time will come when He will not only be with you in trouble and deliver you from that trouble, but he will *honor* you and *bless* you and give you health, long life, and above all, *salvation*, now and in the life to come. Let us think for a minute what all this means to you. Thank the Lord and bless His Holy Name. This is wonderful, almost too wonderful to find words to express, much less to express the thanks that are due to Him.

GOD GIVE ME TENDERNESS TOWARD THOSE WHO DIFFER!

God give me tenderness toward those who differ along the long and rugged path to God, which many thousands are trying to climb; some ignorant; some beaten; some sure of foot. Have we then as companions along the way helped or hindered? Have we cheered the weary? Have we supported the weak? Have we forgiven the erring? Have we willingly allowed all to take their separate paths toward the goal, crooked though they seemed? Have we thrown the mantle of charity around the shoulders of those who shiver under the blasts of criticism? Have we turned the searchlight of love to find the common desire of all to reach up and up toward the light of God?

God forgive me, I have not. I have sneered at ignorance, scoffed at emotionalism, dissected assumptions, doubted motives, drawn my skirts about me when superstition seemed to rule,—forgetting that out of the welter of superstition could come faith; out of emotionalism could come divine passion; out of weakness could come surrender; out of ignorance could come revelation; out of hard assertions of dogma could come nuggets of truth and passion—forgetting that love lights the path, covers sins, guides ignorance, cements differences and unites our hearts under the eternal wisdom of our loving Father and the tender compassion of our precious Saviour.

—Lena Mathes

¶ The V for Victory and the P for Prayer,
a timely message.

V'S and P'S

Roger Babson

MANY letters come to me asking why I am so certain that Hitler will lose World War II. Of course there are many reasons, including Great Britain's control of the seas, the latent man power of the British Empire, China and Russia totaling a billion souls who can be trained and united, the tremendous industrial producing power of the United States when really awakened, and finally the great superiority of these nations in natural resources compared with Germany, Italy and Japan. Not being in any sense a pacifist, I recognize the importance of these and other material forces.

Far more important, however, is the spirit of those who are fighting for freedom and justice. This especially applies to the British people and their Allies. In the end "the pen is always mightier than the sword." The pages of history teach that the swiftest chariot races have not been won by the swiftest, nor have the vital battles been won by the strongest. The "still, small voice" in the human soul is more

powerful than horses and chariots, or than tanks and bombers.

As a sick man turns to God for help, so will the people of the innocent nations which the Germans today hold in brutal subjugation. I oppose and defy the popular belief that these subjugated people are "helpless" because their arms and ammunitions have been taken from them and because they are watched by German police. The marking of "V's" on walls and highways will be followed by the marking of "P's" (Prayers) on minds and hearts. Then real victory will come.

Hundreds of millions of people in these subjugated countries can and will pray. I am not visionary, or perhaps even orthodox, as to the use of prayer. I believe it is grossly misunderstood and misrepresented. I, however, surely do believe in prayer as a means of union with God for securing guidance, power, comfort and ultimate victory. The Gestapo can take the arms away from these millions; they can confiscate their writings and imprison those of them who speak for freedom and

From the "Union Signal," December 13, 1941.

justice. The German military machine, even if multiplied a hundred fold, cannot prevent the Dutch, Greeks, Danes, Norwegians, Belgians, Balkans, and other innocent peoples from praying. Ultimately, these millions will unite in doing this—silently and unbeknown to their brutal enemies. These prayers added to the material sacrifices which all of us must make will bring victory.

How long before these subjugated peoples and those of us who desire to free them will resort to humble, continuous prayer, I do not know. Perhaps conditions must get worse before we all will confess our sins and effectually appeal to God for help. Perhaps we must leave our "gift before the altar" and acknowledge our own national misdeeds before we can expect to have our prayers answered. This may call for greater sacrifice, persecution, and even starvation for many. The destruction of crops and oil fields, and the use of poison gas on civilian populations has not yet been attempted.

The English are now praying for victory, but such prayers may

be selfish, and, if so, are of no avail. Both sides in every war ask God to give them victory! This has not amounted to much. Today, however, a great third group of victimized neutrals are involved whose prayers will count. We in America, especially, must realize that money, munitions, and even numbers of men alone will not save us. Yea, we may even need to make some restitutions before we can go to the altar with clean hands.

When these things take place, I am sure that the "P's" and the "V's" together will develop a better world than we have ever yet seen. These things can happen because the Democracies, notwithstanding all their faults, are more on God's side than is the Nazi group. The great spiritual awakening which I have long been forecasting is coming. It may be born, however,—not in the American and English churches as I had hoped—but in the souls of the downtrodden millions of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Yes, I am a radiant optimist.

"There is a great difference," said Brother Giles, "between a sheep which bleats and one which grazes. For braying does no one any good, but grazing does itself good. It is so with a Friar Minor who preaches, and one who prays and works. A thousand and again a thousand times better is it to teach oneself than to teach the whole world. . . . He who really wishes to know much must work much and bow his head low."

—*St. Francis of Assisi—Johannes Jorgensen*

¶ A great idealist gives his creed for war time.

I Believe!

Kirby Page

1. I believe that the grace and power of God are sufficient for all our needs, even in wartime. More and more I am realizing that, through communion with God and fellowship with men, it is possible to live with vision and strength, fortitude and serenity even in the fury of this storm.

2. I believe in the uniqueness of Jesus Christ and in His adequacy for this day of hatred and bloodshed. No phrases can express fully the significance of His relationship to God and to man. From His words and deeds, His crucifixion and ever-living presence, we receive illumination and power.

3. I believe that the way of the cross is God's way, Christ's way, and therefore the right way to live, even in wartime. The supreme task before us is the discovery of the meanings of suffering love and vicarious sacrifice, and the incarnation of those meanings in our behavior.

4. I believe that love is more powerful than hate, that mercy is mightier than vengeance, and that evil can be overcome with good.

5. I believe that war can be

abolished through allegiance to Christ, and through the creation of an international mind, an international heart, and appropriate agencies of international justice and friendship.

6. I believe that the method of war with its bombing planes and starvation blockade is irreconcilable with the way of Christ, and therefore I cannot approve of any war or engage in its destruction and decimation.

7. I believe that through loyalty to Christ and His way of life I can express truest patriotism and render highest service to humanity, and so I am endeavoring to be more completely surrendered to Him.

8. I believe in the soundness of the policy adopted by our Government of offering alternative service of national importance under civilian administration to individuals who have conscientious objections to service in the armed forces of the nation.

9. I believe in democracy with its recognition of the right of minority opinion, even in wartime, in sharp contrast to totalitarianism with its demand of total surrender to the state.

10. I believe in a positive witness to the ways of peace, and not in sabotage or obstruction of the war which is now considered necessary and right by a vast majority of the American people.

11. I believe in America, and thank God for her glorious heritage and marvelous achievements. In humble contrition for her

weaknesses and sins, I pray that this great nation may serve mightily the other peoples of the earth.

12. I believe in the world-wide Christian community of men and women of goodwill across all frontiers, and dedicate myself to its preservation and extension.

I Have Slipped the Surly Bonds of Earth

John Magee, Jr.

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings.
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sunsplit clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of, wheeled and soared and swung,
High in the sunlit silence, hov'ring there.
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless clouds of air.

Up, up, the long, delicious, burning blue
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew.
And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

John Magee, Jr., the son of a missionary to China, wrote these lovely verses at 19 years of age. He was killed in the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

We are all in the Father's hands, and in quiet, waiting trustfulness there will come the grace we need.—*Leslie Weatherhead.*

¶ A leading New York clergyman points out Jesus' method of praying.

Jesus and Prayer

George A. Buttrick

THE uniqueness of the teaching of Jesus is its wholeness, its proportion—that is, in what is made central or circumferential—and, particularly, in some subtlety of spirit—a “new religious experience.” In short, we must go behind the teaching to find the secret. We must go behind the deeds, even behind the miracles. For there is some evidence that other men were credited with power to work miracles. Jesus asked the Pharisees concerning the exorcising of devils, “By whom do your sons cast them out?” and the Talmud teaches that some rabbis were believed to have power to raise the dead. Moreover, Jesus had a certain distrust of what our world calls miracles—“a wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign.” This stress is here noted, not to encourage any hasty conclusion on the hard problem of miracle, but only to show that both the comrades of Jesus and Jesus Himself would bid us look elsewhere for the secret of His power. Where shall we look? Not even to the outward fashion of His death, for many had died by

crucifixion—there were two others on the first Good Friday—and their death laid on mankind no signal blessing. His death has power because it is *His* death. What was *His* secret? Other men's words are like wire: the very same words on His lips are charged with wire. Other men's days are like winter trees: His days with the same deeds are like a tree breaking in blossom and heavy with fruit. Other men's death is death: His death is life. The difference is not wholly traceable to earth. But this can be seen, even by earth-bound eyes: His spirit was completely dedicated to God in *prayer* and *therefore* made vital. So attuned was He to God by secret communion that His words are as God's words. He did what other men had done—trudged the road, taught His truth, healed the sick, and flinched not from martyrdom—but oh, the difference! The disciples tracked down the secret to its hiding place—“Lord, teach us to pray.” His secret is indeed a “new religious experience.”

On the Mount of Transfiguration he spoke not only with God,

From *Prayer*, by George A. Buttrick. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, 1942. \$2.75.

but according to the description given us, to Moses and Elijah. In the Garden of Gethsemane he prayed, "O my Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from me." That prayer Jesus Himself perhaps reported, for His three companions are described as being asleep. Or did some one overhear? Those fragments tell us virtually all we know of the secret prayers of Jesus.

His teaching about prayer is reiterated, yet rich and varied, like some peal of bells. If we remember that not more than one hundred of His days, and possibly as few as forty, receive any mention in the fragmentary record of the four Gospels, the oft-repeated reference to prayer is a portent. When the scattered counsels are gathered, we have a clear-cut and almost detailed guidance. Always there is a girding of our faith. He calls us to a glad expectancy: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

Always there is the demand for reality, lest faith should become a poor make-believe. Prayers that are ostentatious, like the blowing of trumpets on a street corner, are

self-condemned. Prayers that are a parroting of words, "vain repetitions" or a lengthy "pretense," are always unanswered except in their own chaos. Prayer must be honest: let the true man go into his inner chamber, or to some lonely mountain, where he cannot strut or pose; and let him there speak out his heart in simple, direct sincerity. Let a man there remember that prayer is but one gift and power. It is intended to complement and sanctify other powers, not to cancel them. It is not a lazy substitute for work and thought: fields are not plowed by praying over them. But let a man remember also that fields become a drudgery or a botched labor, or even a greed and a bitterness, unless the plowing is done in prayer. Men should work and pray. Men should think and pray: God guides them, not in lazy refusal to think, but through their thinking and mercifully in the tired or joyous respite from thought. Men should watch and pray. Men should forgive and pray, since it is worse than unreality to ask for pardon while hugging the grudges of enmity. Men should suffer and pray. We read the record with filmed eyes if we miss this reiterated demand for reality.

Faith, reality—and always the plea for humility. Prayer must be "in my name"; that is to say, in the

nature of Jesus, for whatever is outside His radiance of soul is rashness and rebellion. We are creatures, and know not anything. We cannot create: we can but fashion clumsily from materials which God gives to hand and mind. We cannot stretch the tent of sky or set life within the seed. We dare not lift our childish plans before Eternal Eyes, except we also pray, "Thy will be done." Moreover, we are people of broken conscience. The self-righteous finds the gate of prayer forever closed; but the penitent, even though he has no prayer but to beat upon his breast and cry for mercy, returns to his tasks in peace. That truth Jesus scored deep in a vivid parable, the story of the Pharisee and the publican. Prayer must live in lowliness.

But persistence should be linked with holiness. Men should pray with the dogged resolve of an unbefriended widow pleading her case before a heartless judge, and with the not-to-be-denied importunity of a man knocking and knocking on his neighbor's door at midnight. These two parables of prayer are in some respects difficult to construe. We can be sure that Jesus does not mean us to regard God as either a callous judge or a grudging neighbor, for such a translation would flatly contradict all else taught by the Gospels. Such items in the story

are only for verisimilitude. But the requirement of persistence in prayer is unmistakable. Why this demand? Is it because we honor nothing cheap and easily gained? Gold is not often given in a nugget, but in ore which must be mined, smelted, refined, and wrought into loveliness. Is it because prayer is a great art? Music is an arduous training, its gifts reserved only for disciplined seekers, and we may not hope to enter the treasures of prayer in the casual asking of a casual mind. Is it because by persistence our clamorings are purified? If desires are steadily refused, we may wisely question their worth. Is it because prayer is a friendship? We do not make friends by nodding our head to a man across the street once a month. A friend begins by appearing aloof. Then through speech and silence, through laughter shared and danger braved, through the give and take of unsuspected self-revealings, heart opens to heart and mutual loyalty is gladly pledged. So with a Friendship above time: it grows of oft-repeated meetings, contacts, self-givings, and mutual trust. For whatever high reasons, men of prayer must knock and knock—sometimes with bleeding knuckles in the dark.

This light-filled teaching about prayer is focused in the Lord's Prayer. "*Our Father*": we are chil-

dren of one home, and cannot pray well until we try to trace the Father's likeness in every face. "Our *Father*": there is austerity in God, because of His wise fatherhood; and there is mystery, for we are only children; but the salience of His nature is personal love of which the love of a wise and strong earthly father is but the broken shadow. "Who art in heaven" does not mean that God is not on earth: it is the adoration and kneeling awe in which all true prayer begins. Perhaps it could be freely but not falsely translated, "Whose dwelling place is in Light." The phrase "as in heaven, so on earth" applies to each of the petitions which precede it: "May Thy nature of fatherhood be revered—not abused or used presumptuously—on earth as in heaven. May Thy realm come—through me and through the comradeship—on earth as in heaven." The next petition raises the whole problem of petitionary prayer, which question we cannot evade. For the moment we may understand it to be an acknowledgment of our dependence and of God's faithful providence: "Give us this day our bread for the morrow." The prayer for forgiveness does not point to a *quid pro quo*, as though God were the keeper of celestial ledgers carefully allowing just so much forgiveness to men as they are

willing to grant to their enemies. It points rather to a living law whereby a cherished grudge in a man's heart perforce and of itself closes the door against an ever-pleading God, and whereby man's grant of pardon of itself opens the door to God who ever waits and loves. "Lead us not into temptation" is obscure in meaning in the original, and, in our customary translation, a source of bafflement and misgiving. Dr. C. C. Torrey claims that the Greek translation is a somewhat stilted rendering of the original Aramaic idiom, and suggests as our equivalent today, "Grant that we fail not in the time of testing." That phrase then would be a confession of besetting weakness; and a plea to be saved, not from the battle, but in it and through it. The Church added, with a true insight which we are wise to copy, "Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever." Jesus taught the prayer, not necessarily as a fixed pattern, but as a type. Yet we are right to use it in liturgy, as abundant blessings have proved. Jesus told us that such prayer has a healing power: "this kind goeth out but by prayer." It has reconciling power: "Pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." It has interceding grace: the man who knocked on the door was knocking, it is worth remembering, that he might satis-

fy the needs of a journeying friend. The range and content of Jesus' teaching about prayer leave us the more amazed that His biographers should have given it only marginal honor. Beyond doubt prayer to Jesus was vital and regnant in the whole venture of life.

Often and by habit He prayed in solitude. Often and by habit He prayed in comradeship. Prayer is like life, for it is a life: it swings between the poles of aloneness and comradeship. He prayed in the routine day. He prayed under provocation of crisis. He prayed at His baptism, in a great initial act of consecration. He prayed—so the context would encourage us to believe—when the crowd clamored around Him to hail Him as a wonder-worker; there in solitude He asked to be saved from the two imposters, success and failure, and to inquire into the deeper will of God. He prayed all night before He chose His disciples: judgment is blind except in the light of prayer. He prayed on the Mount of Transfiguration: that prayer, as scrutiny quickly shows, was a renewal of His initial consecration, an acceptance of the dark baptism of the cross. He prayed after the feeding of the five thousand, which, by any interpretation, was a miracle of the

sovereignty of His spirit: ends by earthly means. He prayed in the Garden of Gethsemane: "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me." This, so far as we know, was the only prayer in which He asked respite from the terms of righteous living; and it was absorbed at once into a deeper prayer, "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done." The prayer began in agony, but ended in a calm strength which not even Calvary could break. He prayed on the cross. Of the seven "Words of the Cross" three and perhaps four are prayers. The prayer of pardon, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," leaves us "defenseless utterly." This vigil of prayer is an ungainsayable testimony. He prayed and prayed until prayer became the climate of His day.

He did not ask even for continued earthly life. He knew through prayer that God will keep a man until his word is spoken and his work is done, and that no brave man will ask God to stretch his breathing space beyond that day. The word and the work for God are the only issue. So Jesus had a "heart at leisure from itself." His longings were all lost in the longing for God, "in whose will is our peace."

Guidance Through Prayer

“PRAYER,” says Rev. Eric S. Waterhouse, “is the necessary sequel to freedom. The fact that we find ourselves placed upon this earth with the materials out of which we construct our future in our hands, makes it imperative to believe that a God who is good and wise would not let us remain unguided and uninformed.” Thus, prayer is not merely making our requests known to God, but listening also to what God has to say to us; and that God does guide men, when they place themselves trustfully under His control, is shown by the fact that the perception of moral principles which the world has later acknowledged as true has always come first through men of religion. There has, in fact, been a process of development in human understanding of goodness, God being able to reveal His mind ever more perfectly as men have fulfilled what they have already understood of His will. And what is true of the life of the race is also true of the individual. As men pray they become more sensitive to the will of God, and discover His purpose

for them as individuals in relationship to their fellows.

Whether God guides us in the sense of telling us precisely what we ought to do in a given situation, or whether He gives to those who seek Him principles rather than precepts, reinforcing their desire to do right by giving them the energy and will to discover the best way to its achievement, is a matter of dispute among Christians. Some people seem to have received particular directions, and by following them have achieved remarkable results. Others, without such a sense of guidance in specific situations, have found through prayer a strong conviction of moral guidance to which their life must be conformed, and have brought every situation to the test of their best hours of prayer.

Whatever the method, the important fact is that men can, through prayer, put their lives under control of One who is infinite in love and power, and that their lives are being directed, and that they need not be fearful or anxious.

From *Hear My Prayer*, Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., London.

¶ This great Quaker gives her method of determining the validity of guidance.

Four Tests of Guidance

Hannah W. Smith

THERE are four ways in which God reveals His will to us,—through the Scriptures, through providential circumstances, through the convictions of our own higher judgment, and through the inward impressions of the Holy Spirit on our minds. Where these four harmonize, it is safe to say that God speaks. For I lay it down as a foundation principle, that of course His voice will always be in harmony with itself, no matter in how many different ways He may speak. The voices may be many, the message can be but one. If God tells me in one voice to do or to leave undone anything, He cannot possibly tell me the opposite in another voice. If there is any contradiction in the voices, the speakers cannot be the same. Therefore my rule for distinguishing the voice of God would be to bring it to the test of this harmony.

The Scriptures come first. If you are in doubt upon any subject, you must, first of all, consult the Bible upon it, and see whether there is any law there to direct

you. Until you have found and obeyed God's will as it is there revealed, you must not ask nor expect a separate, direct, personal revelation. A great many fatal mistakes are made in the matter of guidance, by the overlooking of this simple rule. Where our Father has written out for us a plain direction about anything, He will not of course make an especial revelation to us about that thing. And if we fail to search out and obey the Scripture rule, where there is one, and look instead for an inward voice, we shall open ourselves to delusions, and shall almost inevitably get into error.

If, however, upon searching the Bible you do not find any principles that will settle your especial point of difficulty, you must then seek guidance in the other ways mentioned; and God will surely voice Himself to you, either by a conviction of your judgment, or by providential circumstances or by a clear inward impression. In all true guidance these four voices will, as I have said, necessarily harmonize, for God cannot say in

From *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*, by Hannah W. Smith. Fleming H. Revell and Company.

one voice what He contradicts in another. Therefore, if you have an impression of duty, you must see whether it is in accordance with Scripture, and whether it commends itself to your own higher judgment, and also whether, as we Quakers say, the "way opens" for its carrying out. If anyone of these tests fails, it is not safe to proceed, but you must wait in quiet trust until the Lord shows you the point of harmony, which He surely will, sooner or later, if it is His voice that is speaking.

It is essential that our "leadings" should all be tested by the teachings of Scripture. But this alone is not enough. They must be tested as well by our spiritually enlightened judgment, or what is familiarly known as "common sense."

But some may say here, "I thought we were not to depend on our Human understanding in Divine things." I answer to this that we are not to depend on our unenlightened human understanding, but upon our human judgment and common sense, enlightened by the Spirit of God. That is, God will speak to us through the faculties He has Himself given us, and not independently of them; so that just as we are to use our eyes in our outward walk, no matter how full of faith we may be, so also are we to use the

interior "eyes of our understanding" in our interior walk with God.

The third test to which our impressions must be brought is that of providential circumstances. If a "leading" is of God, the way will always open for it. Our Lord assures us of this when He says, in John 10:4, "And when He putteth forth His own sheep, *He goeth before them*, and the sheep follow Him; for they know His voice."

Notice here the expressions "Going before," and "Follow." He goes before to open a way, and we are to follow in the way thus opened. It is never a sign of a Divine leading when the Christian insists on opening his own way, and riding roughshod over all opposing things. If the Lord "goes before" us, He will open the doors for us, and we shall not need to batter down the doors for ourselves.

The fourth point I would make is this,—that, just as our impressions must be tested, as I have shown, by the other three voices, so must these other voices be tested by our inward impressions; and if we feel a "stop in our minds" about anything, we must wait until that is removed before acting. A Christian who had advanced with unusual rapidity in the Divine life gave me, as her secret, this simple recipe: "I always mind the checks." We must

not ignore the voice of our inward impressions, nor ride roughshod over them, any more than we must the other three voices of which I have spoken.

With the four tests that I have mentioned, and a divine sense of "oughtness," derived from the harmony of all God's voices, there need be nothing to fear. And to me it seems that the blessedness and joy of this direct communication of God's will to us is one of our grandest privileges. That God cares enough about us to desire to regulate the details of our lives, is the strongest proof of love He could give; and that He should condescend to tell us all about it, and let us know just how to live and walk so as perfectly to please Him, seems almost too good to be true. We never care for the little details of people's lives unless we love them. We can never know the full joy and privilege of the life hid with Christ in God, until we have learned the lesson of a daily and hourly guidance.

God's promise is that He will work in us to *will* as well as to do of His good pleasure. This means that He will take possession of our will and work it for us; and that His suggestions will come to us, not so much as commands from the outside, as desires springing up within. They will originate in our will; we shall feel as though we *desired* to do so and so, not as

though we *must*. And this makes it a service of perfect liberty.

The child of God when engaged in prayer feels, perhaps, a sudden suggestion made to his inmost consciousness in reference to a certain point of duty. "I would like to do this or that other," he thinks; "I wish I could." At once this matter should be committed to the Lord, with an instant consent of the will to obey Him, should the suggestion prove to be really from Him. And then the tests I have mentioned should be intelligently applied, namely, as to whether the suggestion is in accordance with the teaching of Scripture, with a sanctified judgment, and with providential circumstances. Often no distinct consciousness of this process is necessary, as our spiritual intelligence can see at a glance the right or wrong of the matter. But, however it may come, when the divine harmony is reached, and the divine sense of "oughtness" settles down on the heart, then an immediate obedience is the safest and easiest course. The first moment we see clearly a thing to be right, is always the moment when it is easy to do it. If we "let in the reasoner," as the Quakers express it, the golden opportunity is lost, and obedience becomes more and more difficult with every moment's delay. The old self-will awakens into life; and the energies that

should have been occupied with obeying are absorbed instead in the struggle with doubts and reasonings.

It sometimes happens, however, that in spite of all our efforts to discover the truth, the divine sense of "oughtness" does not seem to come, and our doubts and perplexities continue unenlightened. In addition to this our friends differ from us, and would, we know, oppose our course. In such case there is nothing to do but wait until the light comes. But we must wait in faith, and in an attitude of entire surrender, saying a continual "Yes" to the will of our Lord, let it be what it may. If the suggestion is from Him, it will continue and strengthen; if it is not from Him, it will disappear, and we shall almost forget we ever had it. If it continues, if every time we are brought into near communion with the Lord it seems to return, if it troubles us in our moments of prayer, and disturbs all our peace, and if finally it conforms to the test of the divine harmony of which I have spoken, we may then feel sure it is from God, and we must yield to it, or suffer an insuperable loss.

Take all your present perplexities, then, to the Lord. Tell Him you only want to know and obey His voice, and ask Him to make it plain to you. Promise Him that you will obey, whatever it may be. Believe implicitly that He is guiding you, according to His word. In all doubtful things, wait for clear light. Look and listen for His voice continually; and the moment you are sure of it, then, but not until then, yield an immediate obedience. Trust Him to make you forget the impression if it is not His will; and if it continues, and is in harmony with all His other voices, do not be afraid to obey.

Above everything else, trust Him. Nowhere is faith more needed than here. He has promised to guide. You have asked Him to do it. And now you must believe that He does, and must take what comes as being His guidance. No earthly parent or master could guide his children or servants if they should refuse to take his commands as being really the expression of his will; and God *cannot* guide those souls who never trust Him enough to believe that He is doing it.

Lord, set my life in order, making me to know what I ought to do, and do it in the way that I should.

—*Sir Thomas Aquinas.*

¶ Some stirring examples of guidance,
when it is sane and genuine.

Guidance

Hugh Redmond

GUIDANCE is one of the convert's earliest needs.

First, let us remember that such intelligence and common sense as we possess are gifts of God, which He expects us to use and develop. When consultation with either will show us our obvious course, we should not expect other guidance.

The dictates of common sense are more often clear than pleasant, especially when we are in difficulties of our own making. Many of the people who tell me that they cannot get guidance on this or that, mean really that they have been hoping God would show them an easier way.

On the other hand, many of those who claim to be guided appear to use the word with appalling levity. They are very obviously misguided. It is the easiest thing imaginable, but it is also a thing most perilous, to take an idea of one's own and, simply because it seems good, ticket it "guidance."

There is also this to be said about guidance. Don't pray for it unless you are prepared to act

upon it. When it comes it may be altogether different than your expectations; it may strike you as impossible, unreasonable or even ludicrous, but if it is God's word to you, obey it.

Every Christian has known times when he had been frankly uncertain whether a prompting was really from God. His right course, in such a case, is to refer it back, and pray for more light. If he is still uncertain, he will do well to take his difficulty to some tried and proven Christian acquaintance, not to ask for his personal verdict, but to seek his support in further prayer. For obvious reasons, he will be wise to choose one of whose disinterestedness in the matter at issue he can be reasonably sure.

These things having been said, let us have no sort of doubt that guidance is real. It can be experienced physically, i.e., as actual guidance upon an actual road, as well as in a spiritual sense.

Here are the details of a recent experience which I think it will be agreed was quite remarkable.

On Sunday, October 18, 1936,

From Hear My Prayer, Hodder and Stoughton, Limited.

I was motoring with two companions from Haverfordwest to Swansea. We had a full day's program before us, morning and afternoon and evening services, and a big after-church meeting at night, arranged by the Y.M.C.A. With the best part of sixty miles to cover we made an early start.

Our first service was to be in the Salvation Army citadel, and it somehow chanced that not one of us knew where it was. Swansea is a big and straggling town, and we had no idea in what district the building was situated. But there was time enough for inquiry, so much, in fact, that we decided to run out to Mumbles Head, and rest and pray awhile at the edge of the sea. A friend now read from the page at which the Testament opened. We shall not forget that reading, the story of Paul's journey from Malta to Rome. We heard how he tarried at Syracuse, how he "fetched a compass" and came to Rhegium, how a wind then blew him (as we had been blown) upon his way to Puteoli and Romewards, and finally how the brethren came out to meet him at Appii Forum. I felt unaccountably moved by the straightforward narrative.

I was to pray, and I saw that our time was gone. We had some miles to go, on a road with a speed limit, and we still did not know where the hall was. I was sud-

denly sure that God would direct us. We had "tarried" and "I fetched a compass"; I prayed that we might be shown the way and that the brethren would come to meet us. I cannot say why I made that specific request: the words seemed to come of their own accord. But having made it, I felt that they had a meaning for us. "If they should come, Lord," I added, "we shall take it as assurance of blessing upon our services."

We retraced our route to the spot where we had struck the coast road. It was fairly obvious that we should bear right at the fork, but the fact is that I *knew* we should do so. It was by no means obvious a little farther on that we should make another right turn, this time into a side street, but again I knew, as I knew we must turn to the left immediately afterwards. When we took the last turn I looked ahead. At a corner two hundred yards down the street there were splashes of scarlet and gleams of gold. The bandsmen from the Army citadel were gathering for a brief "open-air." The brethren had come out to meet us.

I can see no explanation for this but God's guidance. We had made inquiry of nobody, we had been drawn by no sound of music. The band had not been sent out to guide us by their officers; had that

been the case they would have gone in a different direction, since it was assumed that we were coming in from Haverfordwest direct. And we were afterwards told that never before had they stood at that particular corner. It remains to add that from start to finish the day was signally blessed. I am still hearing about that night meeting, attended by so many people that the special choir was unable to get in!

Another experience of this kind of guidance happened to me in Cornwall. On a very wet January afternoon I arrived at Penzance, a disillusioned stranger. Inasmuch as I had planned to spend my time basking in the sunshine at Land's End, some slight readjustment of programme seemed to be indicated. I knew not a soul in Penzance, and my hotel appeared to be deserted. All at once I remembered the name of the local Salvation Army officer, Adjutant Thompson. I had heard it in Plymouth. Something told me to go out and find him.

It wasn't going to be easy. There was no clue in the telephone book, and as officers are always changing appointments, his name was not likely to be in the directory. I knew, moreover, that his quarters probably would be in some humble street. It was raining mercilessly, I had had no tea, and it was almost dark; yet I had

been bidden to go out of doors, and even given the general direction to take. I said a little prayer and went.

In a few minutes I was at the top of Market Jew Street, though I did not then know its name or whither it led. A stiff wind was blowing the rain down the back of my neck, but I obeyed an unspoken command to walk down the street on the right-hand pavement. Two women approached me, their heads down to meet the weather, and the nearer one had almost gone by when I saw something which made me stop her. Beneath the upturned collar of her coat I spotted Salvationist uniform and the red tab and white star of an adjutant. She was Adjutant Thompson's wife, and ten minutes later we were all having tea together, planning a Sunday night meeting which made us thank God for the rain.

Now we will look at a case in which guidance was of a different kind and was associated with material provision. This case deserves careful analysis, for the interweaving of the various strands is a fascinating study.

Between seven and eight on Monday morning, July 6, 1936, I was in my study for my usual quiet hour. It has for some time been my custom on Mondays to make special prayer for material needs. That morning before I

could do so, I was made aware that Miss A. was in some sort of difficulty.

The first act in prayer may come from God, and in time we get to recognize His "call-signs." It was so on this occasion: I was confident He was calling. What Miss A's need might be was hidden from me; my prayer, therefore, was that she might be helped and that, if God so willed, I might be shown a way in which I might help her. I resolved that at least I would write her.

By the second post at my office that morning came a letter from unknown Mr. B, posted Sunday night. It contained thirty shillings in notes, with the request that the money should be passed on at once to someone in need of it. In the same strange way I was "made aware": this money must be enclosed in my letter to Miss A. The letter was posted that night; the time on the postmark was 11:15.

Miss A meanwhile was very much worried. She is not a lady of means, and she spends all she has on the poor as soon as she gets it. Two days before Mr. B wrote to me she had committed herself to an outlay of three pounds on providing a restaurant meal for a poor women's outing. Two friends had promised to give her the money, but one backed out, from conscientious grounds, on Sunday evening. Just about then Mr. B

sat down and wrote me this letter.

Miss A, in no mind to cancel her plans, had now to raise thirty shillings by lunch-time on Tuesday, the day of the outing. When tea-time came on Monday she had not succeeded. She then walked five miles to call on a moneyed lady. After an interview lasting two minutes she walked the five miles again because the lady was awfully sorry she could not help.

She reached home in a state of exhaustion, too tired and downhearted to eat any supper. She tried to pray and could not collect her thoughts. She went to bed but could not sleep; reached for a book but could not read. And then, as she says, an "inner voice" spoke to her. "Can't you trust me?" it seemed to say.

She rose from her bed and, in tears, fell on her knees at its side. "Forgive me, Lord," she said, "I will trust You. You know that I want the money for Your poor people, and I'm going to believe that You will send it." At that all her worry fled. She went back to bed and slept at once, but before she did so, she glanced at her watch and saw that it was 11:15. My letter was there in the morning with the timed postmark to remind her of it.

The more one considers this remarkable chain of happenings the more one can find to learn from it. It is first of all a very sub-

stantial piece of evidence. I do not see how any reasonable person can avoid the conclusion that behind it is a directing intelligence, and more than that, a loving intelligence. Those to be helped were humble people and their need (save to them) was small. Is some great cause in danger of foundering? The silver is Mine and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts; let the treasury of Heaven be opened. But it is love rather

than omnipotence which sees with such care for detail that a coach-load of poor women shall not be done out of their treat.

One has a momentary vision: the Lord in His temple, high and lifted up, with seraphim standing above His throne, and the whole earth full of His glory. Yet it is a matter of moment to Him that some of His children here below are in need of thirty shillings.

☞ If we devote our lives to God, and trust to Him for the power to do His work, we shall have His peace.

Strain and Stress

Dr. James Read

THE WORDS recall a scene of long ago. It was a students' meeting in Edinburgh addressed by Professor (now Sir) George Adam Smith. The college term had just begun. In front of the speaker were dozens of lads from country homes tasting the first joyous breath of responsibility, yet with a dash of fear. These words were his text: "The strain will bring strength." That was over thirty years ago. And one at least can bear witness that through many

a new task, many a grave emergency and sorrowful strain, the promise holds.

It is a great promise for the uncertain future. The heavier the burden the stronger becomes the back to bear it. It has often happened so. "Necessity is the mother of invention." Our greatest discoveries have been made at the pinch of need. The finest natures have been developed by the task that touched into life a slumbering fire. Both in body and mind, we are told, we have power we never

From *Hear My Prayer*, Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., London.

use because nothing has called it forth. There was no strain to bring the strength.

But is this always true? People talk a good deal today about feeling the strain. And we know the signs of it—the lined face, the weary eyes, the moody silences at home, the nerves like a tight bow string, near to the breaking point. If this promise were true, and we lived on it, would there not be a peace and a poise which are often absent even in many Christian lives? For peace, as someone says, is “the conscious possession of adequate resources.” Jesus bade us look at the wild flower pushing its way into the light through soil and sheath in effortless beauty. It is the picture of life without conscious strain—the kind of life He bade us live. It was the quality of His own. Is it possible in this racking world? Can we really make this promise our own and live upon it?

We can, on two conditions. The first is that we take our life from God, and seek in it His purpose. It was to people who were doing this more or less loyally that the promise was given. Without that background it is not possible to get rid of the strain. For when we probe into this strain we find it comes from some wrong adjustment to life, and to our task and burden. Tiredness—so we are told by the psychologists—begins

in the mind. It is not really the weight of the burden that breaks us; it is the wrong relation to it. There is an inward friction somewhere. Some grit has got into the machinery. It may be fear, or anxiety about results, or a secret sense that we are not really equal to our task. Or is it that in our work, or whatever brings the burden, we are seeking the wrong thing—our own success, or the applause of others, or some comfort which may only make life too perilously easy? The only way to get rid of these is to take our life from God, to realize that whatever comes is within the orbit of His will, and to seek that first of all.

If we began there, life would be simplified. Most of us carry in our load a lot of useless lumber. A big part of the strain of life comes from shallow living; doing things to be in the swim or to keep pace with the crowd; pursuing plans that have no relation to God's purpose for us, and often bring needless fret. Taking life from God will change all that. It will fix our eyes upon the task which God gives us to do, whether it be managing a humble home or directing a great business. It will set us seeking one thing alone, wherever we may be—to do the will of God. For the rest, we shall cease to resent the inconvenient, or fear the unknown, or worry

about results. The mind will be free for the immediate duty.

The other condition is utter dependence upon God for the power. Dependence will bring confidence. It will release us from self-centered struggle. It will open the way for God; His power will rise within us like a secret spring released. Power does not reside in us; it flows through us from God when we are quiet enough to let Him work. Faced in this confidence, the strain will bring the strength.

The secret is worth trying. Are we afraid of tomorrow? Is there some crisis we have to meet, some operation to face perhaps; or,

what is harder, to stand by while some one we love goes through deep waters? Are we carrying a load in business that threatens to become too heavy? Is there someone needing our help, and, like the man in the parable, we have "nothing to set before him?" Let us lift up our hearts. "My strength is made perfect in your weakness."

We were not meant in ourselves to be equal to life. And the first step in power is to realize our helplessness. Perhaps the strain has come to open our eyes to the Strength.

¶ This great violinist has chosen a life of sharing his talents, and their rewards, with others.

Happiness in the Simple Life

*As Told by Fritz Kreisler to
William L. Stidger*

I AM what might be called a mystic. I have no superstition in me, but all artists are mystics. How can one be a real musician and not be a mystic? Music will be, forever, a matter of mysticism. Every form of music is linked to some form of thought: the drums of the jungle, savage

love songs, Gregorian chants, modern jazz. They are all alike, save for the association of the thoughts that go with them. African music and music in the United States, the jazz music to which we dance, is all the same, except for the thoughts that are linked with it. What becomes jazz in the

From *The Human Side of Greatness*, by William L. Stidger, Harper and Brothers. \$2.00.

United States was religious music to the African. Music is indefinable. It becomes something definite when it is associated with some thought. The nearest approach to the Infinite God available to any of us is through some form of music.

Mrs. Kreisler is the Tolstoy of our family. It has been said of us that we do not value wealth; that we want to share our income. That is true. I was born with music in my soul. I knew musical scores before I knew my A B C's. It was a gift of providence. I did not acquire it. So I do not deserve thanks for the music. I never look upon the money I get as my own. It is public money, merely a fund entrusted to my care for proper disbursement. I am constantly endeavoring to reduce my needs to a minimum. I feel morally guilty in ordering a costly meal, for it deprives some one else of a slice of bread; some child, perhaps, of a bottle of milk. My beloved wife feels exactly the same way about these things that I do. In all these years of my so-called public success, we have not built a home for ourselves. Between it and us would stand all the homelessness of the world.

The house in which we spend a few months each year in Berlin, is a gift to me; and the burden

of its upkeep haunts me day and night. I wish that its upkeep might go to help other people in great need in these trying times.

Mrs. Kreisler and I live simply. We do not ask for any more money for ourselves than it takes to live, and we live simply. We do not go in for society and show. All of this is true, but it is Mrs. Kreisler who is chiefly responsible for this social viewpoint. She gets more kick out of feeding a thousand poor children than out of attending some social function.

What makes for happiness is a chance to do something for others, to serve others; and to love one woman for life, living in the buttressing strength of her faith and confidence; in her love, more certain of her understanding than of all else in life.

I want to share with others. So does she. We are at one in that great elemental objective of life. I want to share my thoughts of God and truth. I want to share my music. I want to share my worldly goods. I do not care for things. They bother me. I do not believe that there is any great or lasting comfort in the possession of things. They become burdens to us. I want to give of myself, all of my music, and of my possessions, to others. That is supreme happiness.

☞ The modern world has much to learn from the gallant St. Francis and his followers.

The Franciscans and the Quakers

Rufus Jones

THE formation of the Third Order of Franciscans is one of the most important events in the spiritual life of the Middle Ages. It was an attempt to carry the gospel of love and the Franciscan way of life into the domain of the home and everyday life.

Its origin cannot be dated. It was a vital spontaneous growth rather than a planned event. Whole villages or cities came thronging around Francis. They were eager to hear him, to see him, to touch him, to follow him. The very crowd of applicants for his two Orders threatened to defeat his purpose. He had no desire to invade the home and despoil it; he wanted rather to penetrate it with a fragrant spirit of love and to make all Christian hearts channels of love and radiance. The Third Order came to birth as a radiant way of life by which all persons, no matter what their state or ties, might join in spirit and form one spiritual family with those of both sexes who had renounced everything to follow Christ as Francis, His lover, inter-

preted Him. The members of this Third Order were not asked to give up houses or lands or home or family. They were only asked to penetrate their lives with a passion for Christ, to live with joy and enthusiasm, and to make life a radiant affair, aiming to be perfect in love and charity and purity.

Whoever was free at heart from *slavery to things* and eager for love and peace and truth was thereby a candidate for this Order. It was a society of fellowship in the Beatitudes. The pure in heart, the meek, the humble, the poor in spirit, were in it and of it. Those who labored and were heavy laden were members of it. Those who caught Francis' spirit of passionate love and devotion belonged to it, even before it was technically founded. It was thus a movement rather than an organization. From the very first and all through its history it was a vital cell within the larger life of the Church. It was throughout a nursery of saints. Its list of artists and poets is a long one, including Giotto, Raphael, Muril-

From "*The Third Order*," by Rufus Jones, Inward Light, December, 1941.

lo, Dante, Petrarch, and Coventry Patmore. It was always a nursery of mystics, but the emphasis was on making one's life an organ of love and service rather than straining after ecstasies.

The greatest explorer of all time, Christopher Columbus, was a Tertiary and so was Galileo. The list of martyrs is an extraordinary one, with St. Joan of Arc at the top of the list. This movement profoundly affected every walk and department of life, but above everything else, it sanctified the home and it produced lives of beauty in a dark world. It gave reality—the reality of experience—to religion and it restored joy and radiance to a world that had largely lost them.

One of the most important aspects of this *Third Order* was its attempt to follow Christ as a band of "peace-makers." It brought a new Truce of God to a world forever at war. They had caught the spirit which Francis showed to the Soldan as Housman has put it in his *Little Plays*. "I would show the Christ, Soldan. Or if by name thou know Him not, then by His other name, which is Love, wherein also dwell Joy and Peace."

Hardly less important was the cultivation of the group spirit by this *Third Order*. It formed a vital movement among artisans and working men, which developed in-

to one of the powerful forces that finally led to the disintegration of the feudal system.

There is a charming legend in the *Little Flowers* which catches the beauty of this group spirit, and which shows how the invisible bonds of brotherhood bound together members, separated most widely by station, into one spirit of fellowship. The story says that once St. Louis, clad as a poor pilgrim, knocked at the door of a Franciscan convent, and asked for Brother Giles. A hint from the keeper of the convent, or, as other accounts say, a Divine revelation, gave Giles the secret that his visitor was no less than the King of France. Giles ran to meet his guest. They embraced and knelt together in perfect silence. Then, without having broken the silence, Louis arose from his knees and went on his journey. When Giles came back to his cell, all the brothers reproached him for not having said anything to his royal visitor. With fine simplicity Giles answered: "I read his heart, and he read mine."

Such, then, or something like it, was the Third Order of St. Francis. I have hoped that the Wider Quaker Fellowship might in our time form a cell of life and love and spiritual power within the religious bodies to which the members belong, and might become a growing brotherhood of vitalized

persons, dedicated to the Kingdom of God on earth—a Kingdom of truth and love. I should like to revive first of all that “perfect joy,” which is described in the finest of the *Little Flowers* in an account of a journey of Francis and Brother Leo to St. Mary of the Angels.

“When we come to St. Mary of the Angels, all soaked as we are with rain and numbed with cold and besmeared with mud and tormented with hunger, and the porter comes in anger and says, ‘Who are ye?’ and we say, ‘We are two of your brethren,’ and he says ‘Ye be no true men; nay, ye be two rogues that gad about deceiving the world and robbing the alms of the poor; get ye gone,’ and thereat he shuts the door, and makes us stand without in the snow and the rain, cold and hungered, till nightfall; if there withal we patiently endure such wrong and such cruelty, without being disquieted, and with patience and charity—Oh, Brother Leo, write that herein is perfect joy! Above all graces and gifts that Christ giveth to His beloved, is the grace and gift willing for His Love to endure pains and insults and shame and want; and, therefore, saith the apostle, I would not that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

I should hope that our Fellowship, like the Third Order, would

nurse and cultivate a practical mystical life, envisage a group of persons who believe in a direct and immediate relation between the human soul and God, who are eager to practice the presence of God in silent communion, but who are not less eager to practice the way of love and gentle forces of the Spirit for making a new world order.

The French translate the third Beatitude: Blessed are *les debonaire*s, blessed are the courteous, the gentle, the considerate, the magnanimous, the debonair. That would certainly include the Franciscans, and I hope our Wider Quaker Fellowship. Francis restored joy to religion. He prayed out of sheer joy. “Always,” he enjoined, “show a shining face, shining with holy joy.” “O Lord my Saviour,” he prayed at Alverna, “I ask two favors before I die. Let me feel in my soul, in my body even, all the bitter pains, which Thou hast felt. And in my heart let me feel that immeasurable love which made Thee endure such sufferings for us, poor sinners.” Love and suffering, joy and radiance may well be the characteristic mark of our Third Order, the Wider Quaker Fellowship. And we shall, I hope, be *peace-makers* and bringers of a new Truce of God in this era of hate and desolation.

Come Unto Me

Beverly Githens

I had a dream I labored to fulfill—
A lovely dream. Through months of agony
I cried to God for help, nor was I still
Enough to hear Him say, "Come unto Me."
I would not hear. And so I tried alone
To keep it perfect, but the more I tried,
The less it seemed the glory I had known.
Fears marred it, till I thought the dream had died.
Yet even when I heard, I would not trust—
Not even God Who gave the dream. And so
I did not give it to Him till a thrust
Of fear of loss far greater made me know
No sacrifice would be too great to hold
His Presence. In the watches of a night
Of silent, wordless pain not to be told,
I gave my will to His at last.

The light

Dawned finally on my weariness,
And tenderly He lifted up my head,
And all the Father's constant Will to bless
Was poured as healing ointment. And instead
Of loss, He gave me in a joyful morn,
My dream renewed, "a dream of polished horn."

According to Glenn Clark, "lightning never strikes from above, but always from below. The first streak of lightning comes from the sky, it is true, but it is a very thin, weak streak, merely a path-finder. The name given to it by the scientists is the 'leader.' Then up this path, marked by the 'leader,' the great voltage of the earth booms and crashes." The power of a new Pentecost is scattered among us. Spiritual voltage can be built up in each life, each cell, each fellowship, each church throughout Christendom. It is our task to come together expectantly, with one accord, in one place, and build up the charge on earth. Then let us pray that God will send the Holy Spirit to lead the spiritual renaissance and thus bring about man's renewal.

—*Rev. C. Victor Brown, Chaplain of
Vassar College, from the Baccalaureate
address at the Chicago Theological
Seminary.*

An Experience in Guidance in the Life of Francis of Assisi

Johannes Jorgensen

ALL who have lived in Italy and have participated in the spiritual life of the people can tell by experience of the singularly impressive power of the early divine services. Out of the morning's darkness, which perhaps is lessened by the light of the setting half-moon, or by that of a solitary great star, shining far away over the mountains, one walks into the church, where the lights cast their ruddy glow over the altar table and the priest in his bright vestments stands at the foot of the altar steps, makes the full sign of the Cross and solemnly with a low voice begins the prayers of the mass with David's wonderful forty-second Psalm. And while the altar bell rings over and over again there is raised high over the bowed heads of the kneeling congregation the white Host, the shining Chalice. In such moments one is lifted on mighty wings above oneself, and one's misery and faith make themselves felt, one cares to hope, one desires to love God always, to do His will and serve

Him only, and never more to bow down to false gods.

On such a morning in the little chapel of Portuincula one day in February 1209, Francis heard the passage in the gospel, which seemed to him a new and clearer message from the Lord, and which therefore remained effective for the rest of his life. "At the time Jesus said to his disciples. And going, preach, saying: The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils: freely have you received, freely give. Do not possess gold, nor silver, nor money, in your purses: nor scrip for your journey, nor two coats, nor shoes, nor a staff; for the laborer is worthy of his meat. And into whatsoever city or town you shall enter, inquire who in it is worthy, and there abide till you go thence. And when you come into the house, salute it, saying: Peace be to this house. And if that house be worthy, your peace will come upon it; but if it not be worthy, your peace shall return to you."

From *St. Francis of Assisi*, by Johannes Jorgensen. Publisher, Longmans, Green & Co., 1913. London.

Francis regarded the mere reading of the gospel of the day as a divine revelation. We read in his Testament: "The Highest One, Himself revealed to me that I should live in accordance with the holy gospel." And again, "The Lord revealed to me a salutation that we were to say: The Lord will give thee peace."

"This is what I want, this is what I, with all my soul, want to follow in my life!" As if in a vision he had understood what the Lord asked of those who aspire to be His disciples, who would belong to Him completely, who would sacrifice themselves for Him and serve Him alone—that they were to go out into the world, rejoicing in spirit, bearing the old, serious, joyful message, "Be you

converted, for the Kingdom of Heaven is near!"

Francis the church builder and hermit was now to become the apostle and evangelist—the announcer of the gospel of conversion and peace. He had scarcely left the church before he took off his shoes, threw away his staff, cast off his outer garment, which he wore against the cold. In place of his belt he tied a rope around his waist, and clothed in a long brown-grey blouse of the kind that peasants of the region wore, with a hood attached to go over his head he was prepared to wander through the world on his naked feet, as the Apostles had gone, and bring it his Master's peace, if they wished to receive it.

Consider the Lilies

Anita Bearnese McCall

Consider ye the lilies, how they grow.
Life presses forth each tender part to swell,
To search and drink but not to feel or know
The purpose moulding teeming cell on cell.
In darkness first its thirsty threadlets spread,
Then stem, leaf, perfect bud outstrip earth's night,
As climbing through the clinging mold that fed,
Its being urges upward to the light,
Forgetting earth's dark prison whence it sprung,
Transmuting dew, earth elements and air
To fragrance on the passing breezes flung
Like incense symbolizing praise and prayer.
Ye typify, O lilies of the field,
Faith justified, the Father's love revealed.

¶ To achieve peace we should practice it every day.

The Well-Spring of Peace

Starr Daily

GOD is peace, and a peacemaker is a son of God. One who makes peace does more than *keep* the peace. He *has* peace. He *is* peace. He is one who has possessed the gift of Christ: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you." A peacemaker gives peace to others by what he is and not by what he says. If there be a hundred gathered, and none be a peacemaker, there will be no peace. Only a nervous, futile discussion of that which none possesses. If there be one peacemaker present peace will be established, though he says nothing at all.

We shall be helped enormously, our homes and environment will be helped, our community, state, nation, and world will be helped, if we devote ourselves to the cultivation of peace within our own hearts. If we seek to possess peace and to become a peacemaker, a son of God, our gift of peace will be multiplied by as many as we meet and as they in turn meet. One man with peace in his heart multiplies as rapidly as the cells in his body.

We should breathe in the very peace of God until it has become as much a part of us as the air we breathe. We should give the tongue a holiday, a much needed vacation, avoiding all gossip and tale-bearing, arguments, controversial and hypothetical questions. We should not permit our wills to clash against the wills of others, an act which establishes friction and not peace.

We should walk softly and speak softly, turning away wrath with gentleness. Deep within us is a place of absolute calm; of unmodified silence, unqualified peace. Deep in the ocean is this place of peace, which no typhoon can disturb, which can be reached by no raging storms on the surface, and which remains unaltered through all the turmoil of nature. So it is with us. In our deepest heart is a place where absolute peace holds sway. This is the peace of Christ. It is not of the world. And nothing the world can do will enter in to disturb this calm.

If in our practice and discipline we find this deep inner peace, we shall establish peace wherever we

From *Well-Springs of Immortality*, by Starr Daily. Macalester Park Publishing Co. Fifty Cents.

go; our influence will be that of a peacemaker, a son of God, and the turmoil, the unrest, and discord in others will melt away in our presence. Into whatever condition the experiences of life take us, let us carry with us this atmosphere of peace.

The quality of immortal life is peace, for nothing that is opposed to peace can have immortal life. Everything that is of the nature of discord is death, and wherever it touches it establishes death. When we are in discord we are suicides, homicides, patricides, infanticides,—we slay as we walk, we kill as we talk. In the sight of God one crime differeth not from another; the well-aimed and deadly bullet is no different from the well-aimed and deadly thought of discord. We are all guilty but God is merciful. If we reaped outwardly what we have sown inwardly, our secret infamies would consign us to a realm of endless torment. A God of strict justice would be unthinkable. Upon a God of mercy and grace we must rest.

Let us train ourselves to enter into our Center of Peace, where we shall in the silence be exposed to the Prince of Peace, who has the power to forgive and forget faults. Let us so arrange our affairs that we may have three periods of thirty minutes each for the practice of silence. Let one of the periods be in the morning as early

as is convenient. Let one be around mid-day, and let the third be in the evening. If it is at all possible a secluded place for this practice should be secured, with surroundings that will create the peaceful effect. Spend a few moments quieting your body and mind and emotions. Evoke peace by the use of your imagination. Think of a still lake, a restful valley, anything that will woo your consciousness into the mood of harmony and serenity. Then take that great statement that has brought peace to countless millions throughout the centuries, "Be still and know that I am God." Let your thoughts dwell quietly upon the passage.

Distractions will come at first. But do not be disturbed by them. It is the motive in your heart that is important, the cause that impelled you to set up this altar of peace and to sit yourself down before it.

Let the breaths you take be thought of as peace. Let yourself be prompted of God. Let the Holy Spirit bring to your remembrance certain passages of Scripture. Let yourself respond to any prompting for prayer, either silent or vocal.

Think of all the things in your experience which symbolize peace. Recall your reactions out of memory which were peaceful. Think of the peace, the stillness of God, and try to realize that you have

inherited that peace; that you are a peacemaker, a son of God, a child upon whom the Creator has stamped His image and at whose center He has implanted the character of eternal life.

After you have become warm in the glow of peace, turn your attention to those whom you wish to help, to heal. Identify them with your peace. Draw unto you their burdens, and let them be transformed in the spirit of your peace. Take, too, the world's burdens into your heart to be identified with your peace. Realize for yourself and others that in peace healing and renewal takes place. With your peace identify the leaders of the world. Be a peacemaker.

We should treat others at the point where we have achieved peace within ourselves. You might question the efficacy of such treatment; but our files bear vivid testimony to the efficacy of this kind of treatment. If such treat-

ment is not efficacious, how is it that a father, finding his own center of peace, could identify his son with it, and reverse the trend of the boy's life, which had been toward anti-social conduct and criminal behavior.

There are those who are naturally endowed with the gift of making peace. They move about in an aura of quietude. When they take a chair there seems immediately to gather around them an air of serenity, which is transmissible to others. Peace is their predominant spiritual gift, and they should especially cultivate it, specialize in its training and culture.

But whether or not we are so gifted we too may pursue the fruit of peace, and with persistence in training make it one of our strong spiritual talents. We too may become a peacemaker, who is a son of God, and who therefore is immortal.

It is a beautiful and thrilling experience to belong to a group where every member rushes to the assistance of others like red corpuscles bringing healing.

"My prayers seem to be more of an attitude than anything else. I indulge in very little lip service, but ask the Great Creator silently, daily, and often many times per day, to permit me to speak to Him through the three great kingdoms of the world, which He created, viz.: the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms: their relations to each other, to us; our relations to them and the Great God who made all of us. I ask Him daily and often momentarily to give me wisdom, understanding, and bodily strength to do His Will; hence I am asking and receiving all the time."

—George Washington Carver

The Action of God's Love

J. Raymond Chittick

HAVE you ever driven along near a factory and noticed the dense black smoke rising from the huge smoke stacks? Then, as you watch, with no warning, the smoke ceases.

The reason is a simple scientific one. The black smoke is due to waste fumes, noxious gases, escaping into the air.

Then an electric current is run through the process, and this waste, with all its dirtiness and oiliness, and with all its disagreeable odors, instantly disappears. The current of electricity has pre-

cipitated this waste product. That which was a cause of discomfort and danger to the public has been precipitated into something of value and of real use. It seems to the layman a bit of magic, almost a miracle. But to the chemist it is just science.

And so the current of God's love, coming into contact with man's life, turns waste products, unlovely characteristics, and noisome traits, into a beautiful, clear residue of transparency and beauty, of immense value to the Master and service to mankind.

WHY THE JAPANESE ARE FANATICS

In trying to explain the swift Japanese advance on Manila, American correspondents again and again refer to the "fanaticism" with which the invaders pressed forward under murderous fire. Seemingly in the eyes of the correspondents no ordinary troops should have been expected to stand up to such punishment, but an attempt was made to soften the humiliation of the American retreat by insisting that General MacArthur's men were not facing ordinary troops, but fanatics. The same characterization has recurred in reports from Malaya. Undoubtedly these reports are founded on fact. The Japanese have been fighting like fanatics; they are fanatics. But what makes the Japanese fanatics? And what are they fanatical about? The answer is not far to seek. A major ingredient in their fanaticism arises from the slights which they are convinced they have suffered because of their color. They know that they have been regarded with condescension, frequently with contempt, caused by the white sense of racial superiority. The fact which gives the war in the Pacific its peculiar ferocity is that there the Japanese, fired with a feeling of racial outrage, faces the whites with a gun in his hand. His strength is as the strength of ten, not because his heart is pure, but because he is making up for years of what he has regarded as racial insult. Before this phase of the world war is finished the West will reap a bitter harvest for the racial snobbery which has marked the attitude of too many whites in the East.

—An editorial from *The Christian Century*, Jan. 14, 1942.

☐ Striking examples of the way God guides the lives of people who approach Him with simplicity.

A Scotsman's Experiences

Alexander Irvine

THERE was romance in roaming the streets by night and doggedly searching for work during the day; but when a day's rain soaked me and hunger had reduced my energy to exhaustion, the romance vanished. I remembered that in our town a young man became a soldier. He could neither read nor write. Five years later he returned. He had been transformed. He could read and write, he walked straight and he shaved every day. I would enlist.

I had one object in entering the service. I never for a moment lost sight of it. I wanted a school and here it was.

I learned that fifty men were drafted for the Mediterranean fleet and that I was to be one of them. Only one thing interested me in this outlook: which of the ships had the best library? The flagship, I was told, had the best library of any ship afloat. I prayed that God would have me sent there. God was the big man in the skies who knew everybody. My prayer was a sort of *ex parte* bargain that if He would give me

the education which the big ship would furnish I would give Him all my life. My faith was child-like, simple, and primitive. Somehow I felt sure that my prayer would be answered. When the roll was called and our ship assignments made, I was detailed for a gunboat which had no library and few men. I was so amazed that I had the courage—the courage of desperation—to ask if there wasn't some mistake. I was threatened with punishment for questioning the roll call. To my simple mind the wheel of life had slipped a cog—several cogs. I was in despair, but consoled myself with the thought that God was punishing me for being too sure or for something else I had done in my ignorance.

The following day, after our parade and inspection, the color sergeant called my name. A mistake had been made, so he said, and I was to join the flagship!

At the end of the first year I occupied a niche in my little world. We were constantly cruising around the Mediterranean. To me it was a dream world. The

From *A Fighting Parson*, by Alexander Irvine, Little, Brown and Co. \$3.00.

histories of those countries on its borders were full of romance. Before we entered a port I had made myself acquainted with its history. Half the crew looked to me for information on the places we visited. When we reached the Piraeus I had special leave to visit Athens. One night in Greek waters I was doing duty for a comrade on the upper deck—sentry duty. A man in evening dress came from the Admiral's cabin and walked back and forth with me for a half hour. He seemed amazed that a common marine should be acquainted with Greek history. I had been ashore and was going again. He asked me if I had seen the Palace, and I told him that the ruins of the age of Pericles were of more interest.

"You must see the Palace," he said. "I will give you a card which will admit you."

I didn't look at it just then—it was really a little scrap of paper on which I supposed he had written his name. When I politely asked him his name, he said, "George." Next morning I discovered that I had been talking to a king.

Our commander was a seaman of the old school. He loved sail drill in rough weather. I think I hear him now: "Stand by! Away aloft! Bear out on the yard arm!" The day when the order to bear out on the yardarm was given,

the captain of the foretop lost his nerve or his grip and dropped dead on the deck at my feet. The evolution was suspended. Next day we began the same drill. When the same order was given the new captain bungled somehow and fell to the deck in the same manner. We buried them together in old Famagusta that afternoon. The next day we went at the same evolution. The new captain was a jovial chap named Hicks who was one of the best seamen in the Navy; but when he went ashore he forgot the name of his ship and the number of his mess. Drink was his master. He had been sober for a long time and was again eligible for promotion. He was made captain of the foretop, but the superstition of the sea gripped us all—two men out, the third *had* to go. But the new captain didn't go. He performed his stuff and came down full of laughter. He was probably the most popular man on the ship. We all wanted to hug him as he ascended the rigging with the agility of a cat.

A few days later I got a side light on his success. One of our officers was entertaining a friend from another ship. At tea the visitor asked if we had a man on board named Hicks. He was informed we had.

"We were thirty miles out at sea the other night when I saw a light flashing on the dark clouds,"

he said, "and I told our signalman to take down the code. This is what he gave me:

"'God, this is Billy Hicks. I ain't afraid of no bloomin' man nor devil. I ain't afraid of no Davy Jones' bleedin' locker, neither. I don't ask for no favors but just one. This is it. When I strikes the foretop tomorrow let me do it with the guts of a man what is clean; and God, dear God, from

this-'ere day give me the feelin' I used to have long ago when I knelt at my mother's knee and said 'Our Father.' Good night, dear God.'"

Hicks had been a signalman, and when the superstition of the "third" man seized him he sought help from the clouds. I kept track of him for years. He became a chief petty officer.

☐ Why not form your own prayer cell?

A Cell of Your Own

Allan A. Hunter

IN HIS bathing suit he was sunning himself by the swimming pool. So far it had been the usual sort of weekend. They had all been living down to the conventional standards of their set. He himself had been a conscientious materialist, drinking hard liquor, dodging hard facts. His reflexes had been the customary ones. Then deep inside he heard something that jerked him to his senses:

"This is not a dress rehearsal," warned the voice. "This is life."

That was only two or three years ago. Jim is now a well-articulated vertebra if not the

backbone of a small group aiming to live the intentional life. They meet once a week in a room relatively free of disturbance. There, for an hour, they aim as effectively as they can to focus their attention on what they call Reality. Each person attending the rendezvous agrees to fulfil this condition: he must spend a definite number of minutes every day centering his interest on what to him is most alive, most important. But the effort is not just "to look in one direction." It is also to live in one way.

What way? The way that leads from softness to awareness, from

From Pilgrim Highroad, January, 1942.

greediness to generosity, from putting on an act to being sincere, from drifting around in the vicious circle of cockiness, inertia, self-indulgence, anxiety, malice, to growth in the right direction. If you could see my friend today and visualize him as he was before he undertook this training, you would have a better picture of what is meant by "intentional living." He had been stepping on the gas with little sense as to where he was headed. Now he has confidence. He is one-pointed. Einstein tells us that perfection of means along with confusion about the goal is what characterizes our age. Jim is no longer confused as to what it's all about. His life is becoming more magnetized, like a compass needle that in spite of oscillations and distractions keeps always seeking the magnetic pole, no matter how invisible that center of attraction may be. Situations that used to be dead now spark with sudden interest and meaning. All of life has taken on new tone and life.

To one observer the dynamic generated out of the friendships made in a group of this sort suggests a cyclotron. The purpose of a cyclotron is to let incalculable energy loose but to let it loose so that something constructive can happen. For example, one result of thus shattering the atom and unlocking amazing force may be

the curing of certain forms of cancer. Similarly, a group of this kind aims to have its outer shell of greed and fear so smashed that spiritual power shall be beneficially released. The other night a sixteen-year-old member said, regarding the objective: "We are here, we are given life, in order to see God and understand Him and work with Him. We can postpone, we can say *manana*. On the other hand, we can start training to do this right away. God is the best friend we have. He is always close to us. If we make a mistake He says to us, 'I forgive you this second if only you turn toward me and try once more!'"

The procedure this little training group follows may be suggested. The first ten minutes, more or less, they spend in the meditation room of the church. The lights are out. There is a cross on the table. Here they sit as still as possible trying to be "aware of the Awareness that holds us, the electric mystery that bombards us all the time." The steps are something like this:

You sit with your spine erect; you take a few deep breaths to relax; you remind yourself why you are here; you thank God you have this privilege with these friends of being open to His presence here. His presence which is not to be taken for granted. Not only is God away beyond any-

thing we can imagine, but also closer than anybody is to Himself. The little bit of consciousness that flits through your brain, compared with the Supreme Consciousness, is like a glow-worm's light beside the incomprehensibly powerful radiation that occurs when a star is being born. Moreover, Presence is this compassion to the *nth* degree, such as we glimpse in Jesus, giving men work to do that would make the world less of a jungle and more of a home. To get that major premise straight and to keep it straight, far from being impractical, is the most practical thing a young person or anybody else can do. If you spend a few minutes in a meditation room doing that, you are certainly not day dreaming or killing time.

Then you think a few seconds of the 200,000,000 refugees, (one and a half times the population of the United States) who have been uprooted from their accustomed places on this planet. How is it that you are overprivileged while they have so little? Then perhaps you look at the gold network over the world which is there to do something about it. Philip Vernier is one knot in this gold network. Muriel Lester is another. Kagawa in Japan is helping hold the net together. You, too, can become a strong place, instead of a vacuum, in this gold network, which may even yet pre-

vent civilization, a tight rope walker that has lost its balance, from falling to complete destruction. You can join in the prayer of the Chinese girl, who although her family were machine-gunned to death, can still pray: "Help us to root out of our hearts all anger, pride, hate, and fear, since these are things that make wars."

Then you face how little love and understanding you yourself are bringing to this task. Then you remember again—but the ten minutes are up. And now you go to another room where you report on how things went this week. The group is dismissed with the agreement that each will give special attention to the trivial things that are hindering me from making the most of my privilege of being aware of the nearness of the presence of God.

Each member is supposed to think of every other member at least once a day, as living in the light, life, and love about which we speak so glibly in church.

The value of this teamwork? It does open in the spirit of the participants a little door called reverence. Into a sense of holiness you enter soon or late if you join friends in a cell committed to intentional living, fulfilling these conditions already mentioned. Gradually you become sensitive to the fact that in every person, not just the members of the group,

there is a flame of mystery which it is no man's business either by exploitation or violence to put out.

If you train in a small group you find that thing which everybody today desperately craves, and that is a glimpse of the goal and the sense of being committed to that goal. If you are disciplining yourself to become part of a cyclotron aiming to release energy in creative rather than cynical ways, you have something worth living for.

Most of all, the confidence that comes from such companionship increasingly tends to give coherence within. The object of allegiance to which we more and more try to give ourselves is a Magnet. Until we become habituated to the presence of this Magnet we are but rods of soft iron, the molecules pointing every which

way. But if we persist and school ourselves in association with others to be consciously near the Magnet, and open to its invisible influence, we shall find increasingly that the molecules making up our personality point consistently, even as they were intended to point.

Why not start a group of your own? Just get two or three or more who feel the same way you do. If you can locate a leader, good. If not, go ahead anyway. You don't need a blue-print, you wouldn't follow it exactly if you had one. The main thing is to desire to climb toward the top. And that means, if you are sincere, the willingness to be roped together. For "no man can be what he ought to be unless he is helping everybody else to become what everybody else has it in him to become."

COMING EVENTS OF SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE WITH APPROXIMATE DATES

April 9-12, Conference at Kansas City, Missouri under the leadership of Glenn Clark. Write Mary Blascho, 15th and Denver, Kansas City.

June or July. California Camp Farthest Out. Address Mrs. Jane G. Yoakum, 4840 Lee Ave., La Mesa, California for date and place.

Aug. 2-16. Middlewestern Camp Farthest Out, at Lake Koronis, Minnesota. Address Mrs. Florence Glessner, 3444 Lyndale Ave., So., Minneapolis.

August 24-Sept. 3. Eastern Camp Farthest Out. Write Miss Elinor Horton, P. O. Box 190, Greenwich, Conn., for place and exact dates.

Why Should Mortals Wonder?

OVER the little town of Eastman, Ga., lay the dead pall of fear and hatred that comes over Southern towns when everyone knows what is going to happen. In the town square, hard-eyed, determined men came together, waiting for darkness. There was going to be a lynching.

The heat lay heavily on the paved sidewalks, the trim houses beside the highway. In a cell in the county jail a young Negro waited too. Eddie Lee Spivey, 28, a sharecropper with a good reputation, married, with two children, had been arrested for rape the night before. Up in his farming community of Mt. Airy, a 65-year-old white woman had been attacked as she crossed a field to her son's house. Bloodhounds had followed tracks from the scene of the crime to a spot near Spivey's house.

The Negro prayed. The other prisoners looked through the barred window at the growing mob, and told him to come look. Spivey talked with his Lord and asked Him to save him. He told the Lord that he was going to tell the truth; suddenly he was no longer scared or worried, and lay back on his bunk and slept. About dark the boys woke him. He looked through the bars at the scene

swimming in the hot Southern twilight, a string of 100 cars drawn up before the jail, 700 white men circulating under the trees. Strong in his faith, he lay down again and slept. It was 10:15 when the mob's leaders, with keys taken from the sheriff, unlocked the cell door. Spivey knew they had come to kill him. He held up his hands and waited.

Half a dozen men held him by his arms and legs and dragged him out to their car. It streaked over the eight miles of road to the scene of the crime, other cars following. Out in the woods beside the field, somebody built a bonfire. Somebody asked Spivey if he had raped Mrs. Peacock. He said he had not seen her in five years. Somebody asked Spivey if he knew where his potato patch was, near there. When Spivey said he did not, the man said, "You're a G— d— liar" and hit him on the head with the butt of his pistol. The man swung again, missed, hit a white man beside him.

Spivey sat on the ground. A double plowline was fastened around his neck. The blow had deafened him; he could not hear the questions. Somebody kicked him in the back and on the head. He was rolled over on his face and his legs twisted. Blood was

From *Time*, July 17, 1941.

running into his nose and mouth from the cut on his head. He heard something about gasoline and knew they were going to burn him. He said he did not do it. He said it again. Somebody yelled: "How many want to kill him? How many want to take him back to jail?" He heard the roar for his death. He said, "Go ahead and kill me but then keep looking for the man who done it."

The mob hesitated. The men who were "lickered up" wanted to get it over with. An hour passed while the fire burned down. Some piney-woods law-giver thought of an answer. Two of the raped women were there, Elzie and

Early. So the crowd said for Elzie and Early to decide.

This focusing of responsibility troubled Elzie and Early. They crossed the fields to ask their mother what to do. She told them to take the Negro back to jail and let the law take its course. At midnight, bruised but still unafraid, Spivey was back in his cell. The boys in his cell said they had figured there was a better chance of seeing their mothers come back from the grave than of ever seeing him alive again.

For the first time, as far as anybody could recollect, Judge Lynch had been overruled.

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LAUGHTER

Laughter is better than milk.

—*Elbert Hubbard*

First picnicker—I feel a lethargy creeping over me.
Second picnicker—Yes, the grass is full of them.

—*Exchange*

“What’s your idea of clean sport?”
“Swimming.”

John Smith: Before we were married, my wife and I agreed that I should decide on all major matters and she would decide all minor ones.

James Jones: How did the arrangement turn out?

John Smith: So far no major things have turned up.

A nourished grudge grows fat from the lifeblood of its host.

Self control is looking upon Monday’s disturbance with Tuesday’s equilibrium.

—*Marcelene Cox, Ladies Home Journal.*

A tart temper never mellows with age and a sharp tongue is the only tool that grows keener with use.

—*Rip Van Winkle.*

A Norwegian woman in her later years was disappointed to have her church services conducted in English instead of in her native tongue. As she left the church one Sabbath morning she shook her head sadly. Turning to her daughter, she said. “It is remarkable how much God’s word loses when it is translated out of the original Norwegian.”

—*Mabel Seeley, the Mystery Story novelist.*

Preacher: “Do you say your prayers at night, little boy?”

Jimmy: “Yes, sir.”

Preacher: “And do you say them in the morning, too?”

Jimmy: “No, sir. I ain’t scared in the daytime.”

A little girl attending an Episcopal church for the first time, was amazed to see all kneel suddenly. She asked her mother what they were doing. Her mother replied, “Hush, they’re going to say their prayers.”

The little girl looked at her mother in amazement. “What, with all their clothes on!”

WHAT OUR READERS TELL US

Your CLEAR HORIZONS magazines come nearer to answering the two-thousand years old question: "Lord, what must I do to be saved?" than any publication in existence today. Or such is my conviction.

Julia Chandler, Manager
Empire State Observatories, New York City

The October number of CLEAR HORIZONS is magnificent. I have gotten the greatest comfort out of it. I think the magazine as a whole is getting better and better and is going to have a more and more important place in our lives as conditions grow more difficult.

Otto T. Mallery, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

CLEAR HORIZONS is an amazingly effective answer to a long felt need. I devour it hungrily each time a new issue arrives.

Louise E. Batchelor, Chicago, Illinois

A friend writes me: "I certainly am grateful for the fine reading matter you've been sharing with me from time to time, but I'm especially thankful for CLEAR HORIZONS. It crowns them all."

Alice Nichol, Clearwater, Minnesota

Derek Neville's "Simple Things" in the January 1942 CLEAR HORIZONS is one of the most beautiful things I have ever read.

Louis L. Austin, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I certainly cherish the many gems of thought and suggestive programs of action that are contained in CLEAR HORIZONS. Each volume is extremely helpful. Here is hoping that the Horizons ever widen and its influence be felt among greater numbers.

Walter Scherbaum, Glenside, Pennsylvania